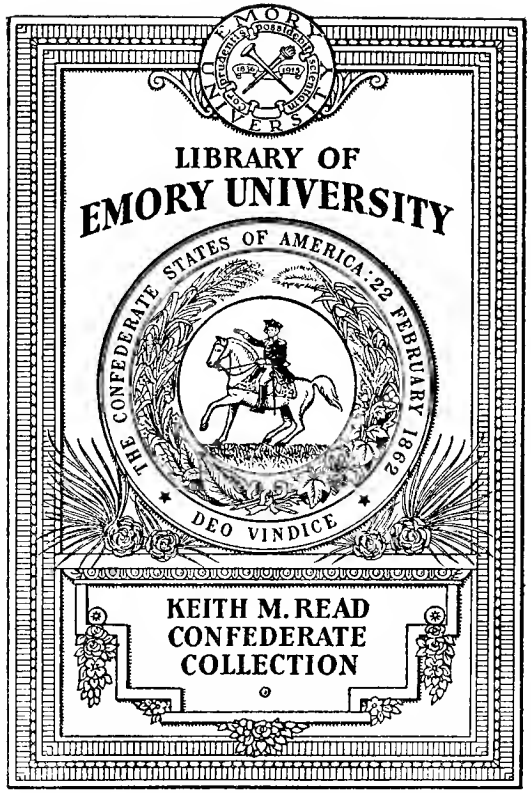
A CORPORAL'S STORY.

Company C, 81st O. V. I.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A CORPORAL'S STORY

EXPERIENCES IN THE RANKS

OF

COMPANY C, 81st OHIO VOL. INFANTRY,

DURING THE WAR FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF THE UNION,

1861-1864.

BY

CHARLES WRIGHT,

Of Oxford, Ohio; late Corporal Company C, 81st Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

MAJOR W H. CHAMBERLIN.

PHILADELPHIA:

1887

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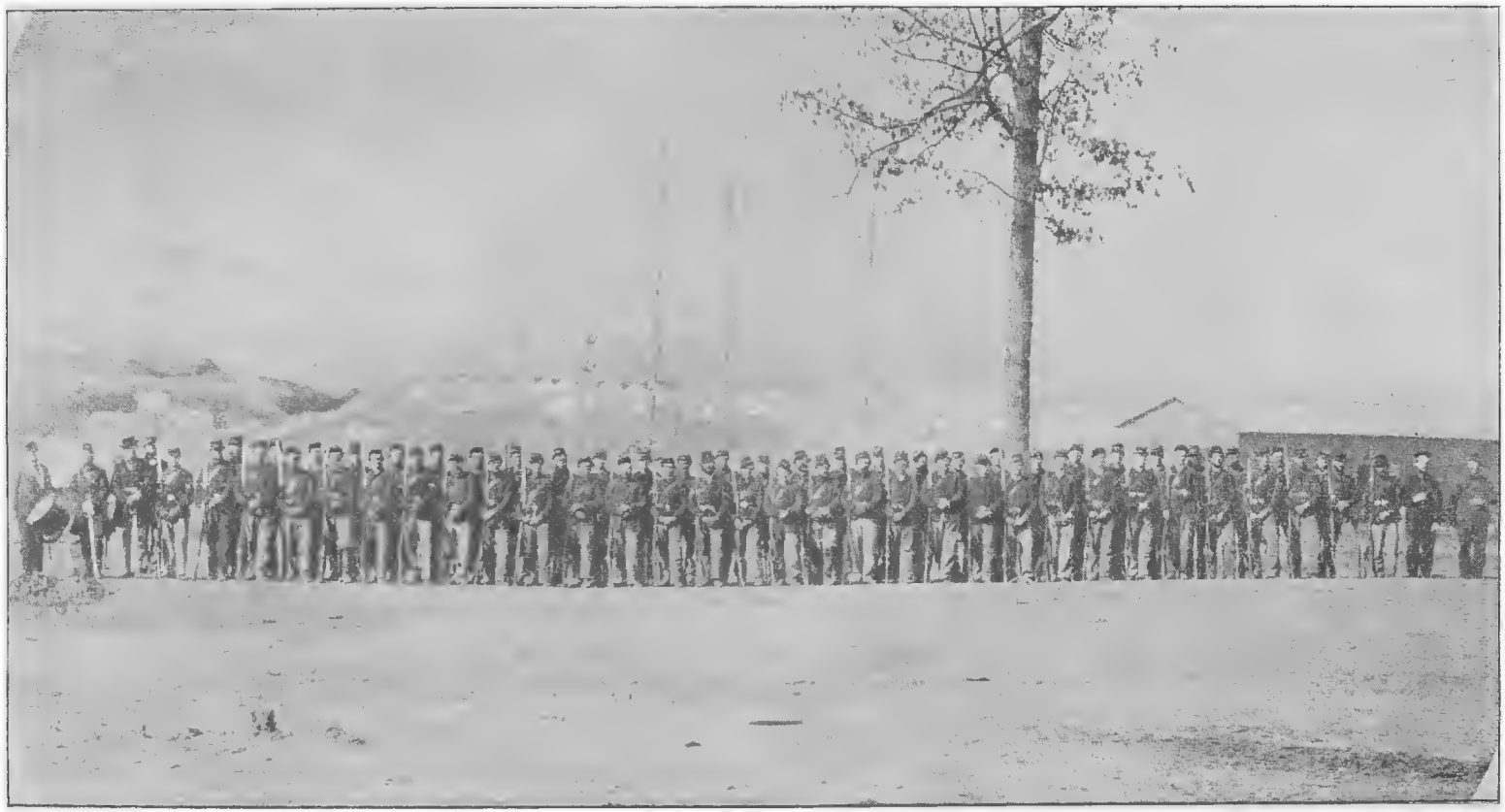

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COMPANY C, 81st OHIO, AT CORINTH, MISS., DEC. 13, 1862.

1. F. B. Haynes, *Drummer.*
2. W H. Chamberlin, *First Lieut.*
3. W. A. Johnson, *Second Lieut.*
4. "Civilian," *Cor. Chicago Tribune.*
5. John Mader, *Sergeant.*
6. John A. Wilson, *Corporal.*
7. A. P Middleton.
8. Wm. H. Estle.
9. John E. Taylor.
10. Berry Smith.
11. Wm. Furry.
12. Robt. W Luttrell.
13. Thomas J. Beaty.
14. Thomas N. Watts.
15. James A. Watts.
16. W. B. Rush, *Corporal.*
17. Jabez Johnson.
18. Davis Park.
19. Presley Robey.
20. John G. Scroggs.
21. W. M. Buck.
22. R. F Milbourne.
23. J. H. Middleton.
24. Elijah Furry.
25. John Blake.
26. P. W Duffield.
27. J. P. Eshelman.
28. Charles Wright, *Corporal.*
29. A. N. Mackerley.
30. James C. Rigdon, *Corporal.*
31. D. C. Johnson.
32. W. F Cherry.
33. F. L. Dunlap.
34. James McAlster.
35. James H. Nixon.
36. A. M. Dick.
37. A. R. Rodgers.
38. R. H. Griner.
39. Henry Furry.
40. John M. Henness, *Corporal.*
41. Isaac H. Eshelman.
42. J. K. Nelson, *Corporal.*
43. J. H. Bennett.
44. John M. Wiley.
45. Lyle G. Adair.
46. John McAlpin.
47. T. R. Willis.
48. Noble B. Caldwell.
49. James Pricer.
50. Ben Rigdon.
51. James Cowman.
52. Sam. T. Wiley.
53. Chas. M. Robins.
54. John Estle.
55. Lewis Barr.
56. Sam Edgington.
57. George Coaplantz.
58. James McCann, *Corporal.*
59. Samuel Leaverton.
60. John Q. Adams, *Corporal.*
61. D. W. Binns.
62. Charles Depoy, *Sergeant.*
63. W. W. Merrill, *Sergeant.*
64. Ed. W. Brown, *Hospital.*
65. Calvin P. McClelland.

The photograph from which this engraving was made was taken at Corinth Miss., Dec. 13, 1862, on the Commons or Public Square near the crossing of the railroads. In the back-ground on the south side of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, is seen Battery Williams. Battery Robinett is on the north side of the road in the rear of the encampment of tents.

The men are numbered from left to right in the picture (right to left according to military designation.) The first man in the rear rank is No. 7. This brings odd numbers after 7 in the rear rank to No. 61.—W. H. C.

INTRODUCTION

THIS Corporal's Story was not written for the printer. It was the product of a patriotic desire to place before a soldier's immediate family a record showing what was done and endured by private soldiers during the war for the maintenance of the Union. The manuscript was permanently bound into a volume of calf and morocco, and was to be an heirloom. It was the author's hope that his children and their descendants might find the work a valued keepsake, and might gather from it incentives to loyalty and patriotism.

By chance the manuscript volume came into my hands, and I read it. I showed it to a friend, who at once suggested that it should be published; and these printed pages are the result. I am glad to say that the manuscript volume is preserved, and may yet fulfil its original mission.

Corporal Charles Wright, as may be inferred from the tone of his story, was one of the many men who entered the army from the highest possible motives. As his company commander, I can truly say that the same patriotic zeal which brought him into the service animated him to an unswerving fidelity in every detail of a soldier's duty throughout his entire army life. I make these statements to show the stranger who may read this volume something of what sort of man the author is, and what was the motive in producing this work.

No one will make the mistake of expecting from this modest book anything of the secrets of strategy and grand tactics, or of the inner history of great battles and campaigns, such as the generals and other commanding officers have written. It does not aim to reach those features of army history. But still it has a place in army history that has not been too much crowded. The everyday life of the soldier, — his trials, hardships, amusements, feelings, hopes, joys and triumphs, — are faithfully pictured in such works as this with a charm of fidelity and truthful-

ness which can only come from one who himself has carried a musket, and has felt and known that of which he writes. Those of us who bore a part in the stirring scenes here depicted will follow this Corporal's Story with kindling enthusiasm; while the reader who knows of army life only by reading will rise from the perusal of this book with clearer views of the real work and duties of a soldier, and with better appreciation of what it cost to save the Republic.

W. H. CHAMBERLIN.

Cincinnati, June 7, 1887.

COMPANY C, 81ST O. V. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT would be a big task for a soldier serving three years in a certain regiment during the War of the Rebellion to undertake to write out all which that regiment did during the war, especially if the soldier had to depend upon his memory for the greater part of the material which would go to make up that history. The writer hereof was a member of Company C, Eighty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry, for three years, serving from the 19th of September, 1861, to the 27th of September, 1864; and now proposes to tramp over the ground again with "Company C," recounting some of its deeds in the great struggle for the maintenance of the Union.

ORGANIZATION.

Company C was composed principally of men living in Greenfield, Highland County, Ohio, and its vicinity. Its roster was:

Captain	ROBERT N. ADAMS.
First Lieutenant	WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN.
Second Lieutenant	OLIVER P. IRION.
First Sergeant	W. A. JOHNSON.

Sergeants.

CHARLES DEPOY,	HENRY N. DEPOY.
WILLIAM W. MERRILL.	LYLE G. ADAIR.

Corporals.

WILLIAM H. SCROGGS.	JAMES ABBOT.
JOHN A. WILSON.	WILLIAM H. LOGAN.
EDWIN W. BROWN.	WILLIAM F DWYER.
DOUGLAS W BINNS.	JOHN Q. ADAMS.

Musicians.

WILLIAM B. HAYNES.	DAVID W. BUCK.

Privates.

William McM. Adams.
Thomas J. Beatty.
Joseph H. Bennett.
John Blake.
James H. Boggs.
George W. Brinley.
William M. Buck.
Noble B. Caldwell.
Charles Clark.
George Claypool.
James W. Cowman.
John M. Cowman.
Nathan W. Crooks.
Andrew M. Dick.
James E. J. Dill.
Edward S. Donaldson.
Peter W. Duffield.
Samuel Edgington.
Isaac H. Eshelman.
Benjamin Estle.
William H. Estle.
Elijah Furry.
Henry Furry.
William Furry.
Robert H. Griner.
Henry G. Hamilton.
Edward Hendry.
John M. Henness.
Albert Kinnamon.
Samuel A. Leaverton.
Robert W. Luttrell.
David Y. Lyttle.
John Mader.
John C. McAlpin.
James McAlster.
James McCann.
Calvin P. McClelland.
James McClelland.
Edward P. McCormick.
Daniel J. Melson.
John H. Meredith.
Randolph F Milbourne.
Samuel J. Moomaw.
Cary L. Nelson.
Joseph K. Nelson.
James M. Nixon.
Abraham D. Park.
Thomas P Pott.
Isaac Rife.
Benjamin Rigdon.
James C. Rigdon.
Presley Robey.
Charles M. Robins.
Charles Robinson.
Alexander R. Rodgers.
William B. Rush.
Francis A. Sayre.
William H. Sayre.
John G. Scroggs.
Hugh S. Strain.
Gallia Streets.
Amos Swartz.
John E. Taylor.
James A. Watts.
Thomas N. Watts.
John M. Wiley.
Samuel T. Wiley.
John H. Willis.
Tilghman R. Willis.
Joseph M. Wilson.
Chas. Wright.
James D. Young.

Recruits.

Lewis R. Barr.
Wilbur F. Cherry.
George W. Coaplantz.
Frank L. Dunlap.
Joseph P. Eshelman.
John M. Estle.
Fletcher B. Haynes.
William B. Henness.
David C. Johnson.
Jabez Johnson.
Andrew N. Mackerley.
Arden P. Middleton.
John H. Middleton.
James H. Pricer.
Berry Smith.
Joseph P. Taylor.

The company contained three men from Oxford, Butler County, Ohio, — Edwin W Brown, Robert H. Griner, and Charles Wright.

To the officers and men composing the company I was a total stranger. Previous to September 19, 1861, I had never seen the face of a single member of the company, excepting Brown and Griner. In my estimation there was not a better company raised in Ohio during the war. I take great pleasure in saying the same of

the officers of Company C. We were indeed fortunate in having men of such intelligence and patriotism, and possessing all the requirements of gentlemen — as they did — to command us.

LEAVING HOME.

On the morning of the 18th of September, 1861, the company left Greenfield, came down to Cincinnati, where it was joined by Brown, Griner, and the writer, and at five o'clock, p. m., next day we started for St. Louis, Mo., on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. I am writing this altogether from memory.

At midnight we came to a broken bridge, where, on the day before, a train going east, having on board a regiment of soldiers (19th Illinois), broke through, killing and wounding about twenty men. We got off, took a view of the wrecked cars, and boarded a train waiting for us on the other side of the little stream, and steamed away for St. Louis, where we arrived about noon on the next day.

Arriving on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, we were ferried by steamer across, and took up our line of march through the city to Benton Barracks, situated a mile or two north of the city.

IN BENTON BARRACKS.

Benton Barracks was then a camp of instruction, with barracks sufficient to accommodate many thousands of soldiers; and here the volunteers gathered from the Western States — from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Missouri. Daily through the gates of Benton came in regiments of volunteers still clad in citizen's attire; then, casting aside their home-made clothes, they came out on the beautiful grounds arrayed in the royal blue of Uncle Sam. And daily passed out through the gates of Benton regiments of volunteers clothed in blue, who but a few weeks before had passed in, and, having attained considerable proficiency in the manual of arms and drilling, were now pushing for the front, to help stay the tide of Secession now rolling up from the South.

Comrades of Company C, what a grand sight Benton Barracks

presented in the days of '61, — a large tract of land, level as a barn floor; a long line of three-story barracks on the north; the same on the south, with another row of barracks extending a part of the way through the centre; and on the east the large amphitheatre of the Fair Grounds; and between these long rows of well-kept barracks were thousands of men engaged in drilling — cavalry, infantry and artillery, getting ready to play their several parts in the great drama of the Rebellion.

FORECASTING.

Company C, you remember that about this time various were the predictions and surmises in regard to the length of time that the "unpleasantness" would last. Abraham Lincoln's great Secretary of State had predicted a sixty or ninety days' campaign; events proved that Seward, though a wise statesman, was not much of a prophet. Having given the prediction of Seward, I will now give the prediction of a member of Company C (Henry Furry), made several months after Shiloh and Corinth had passed into history. In April, 1863, you remember we were on a raid east of Corinth, and as we were passing through Tuscumbia, Alabama, some of the members of Company C were discussing the still important theme, the duration of the war. Comrade Furry — his feet being sore, and he not in a very hopeful mood — pointed to two boys ten or twelve years of age, standing beside the road, and declared, "We'll have *them* to fight yet."

MARCHING ORDERS.

But let us get back to Benton Barracks. We had been in camp scarce one week when, on September 24, we received marching orders. We are yet in name "Morton's Independent Rifle Regiment," mustering as yet but seven companies; later we became the 81st Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

We passed out through the gates of Benton and took our way through the city, a city made up of many Union men and many rebels. We knew the Unionist by his smile, and the rebel by his frown. Apple-stands obstructed our way through the great city,

and sometimes a saucy member of the 81st, gazing at the face of a retailer of the tempting fruit and seeing a secession frown thereon, would quietly lay hold of one of his luscious pippins and put it in his haversack, keeping all the time the cadenced step. We marched to the depot of the North Pacific R. R., and then under orders countermarched to Benton by way of the smiling Unionist, the frowning rebel, and the tempting apple-stands. We remained but a short time in Benton, spent that time in drilling, again received orders, and again marched out through the gates of Benton to the railway depot by way of the tempting apple-stands.

TO FRANKLIN.

Boarding the train we moved westward until we reached Franklin, a station on the Pacific R. R., thirty-five miles west of St. Louis. There we went into camp, or rather into a shed, as Company C occupied an old long ricketty shed standing close to the railroad track. For a few days we amused ourselves by bathing in the clear swift-running waters of the Maramec river, also in making frequent visits to the apple-orchards in the vicinity of our camp. Company C doubtless remembers that the orchards of Missouri in the autumn of '61 looked tempting, as the trees were loaded with fine large apples. It was the custom while we remained in camp at Franklin, for three or four of the comrades to go after apples together, not taking their muskets, but each man providing himself with a revolver.

SCARING A COMRADE.

On a certain day R. H. Griner, Isaac H. Eshelman, Frank Dwyer and Geo. Hamilton started for an apple-orchard about one mile from camp. The route to the orchard lay the greater part of the way through the woods. Guerillas and bushwhackers were rather plentiful at this time in this region. The party had got about half way to the orchard when it was proposed that they take a rest. Accordingly they all sat down upon a log by the roadside. After sitting for a minute Griner stated that he would walk on for a short distance by himself and "*prospect*" a little. After he had

proceeded about one hundred yards, and was picking up some chestnuts, Dwyer proposed that they should "scare Griner a little." Accordingly Hamilton made a short *detour* through the woods, and gaining a tree close to the road and a little in advance of Griner, commenced firing with his revolver, and the two who were yet seated on the log jumped to their feet, and, raising the cry of "Secesh! Secesh!" began retreating towards camp. At the first discharge Griner sprang to the opposite side of the road, touching ground once in the middle of the road, and the next leap taking him into the bushes; then, heading towards camp with gigantic stride, he could be seen a part of the time with his head above the bushes and anon darting beneath them. Then, thinking he would be overtaken before reaching camp, he bore away for a craggy hill with a cave in it, where he could secrete himself from the dreaded guerilla. Dwyer and Eshelman, seeing the state of affairs, stopped and called out to him, and in a word or two convinced him that he was their victim; so, drawing a long breath with an immense amount of relief in it, and darting a glance of "I'll get even with you fellows" at his persecutors, he retraced his steps, went to the orchard, and, loading himself with apples, returned to camp and related to the writer his adventure.

While at Franklin we were armed with old flint-locks that had been changed to percussion-locks — muskets that had been used in the Mexican War, shooting buck-and-ball — dangerous at both ends.

HERMANN, MISSOURI.

We did not remain long in Franklin, and, getting orders, we moved by rail to Hermann, a town situated on the south bank of the Missouri river, ninety miles west of St. Louis, and inhabited exclusively by Germans. Going into camp three-fourths of a mile south of the town, we found it a very pleasant place, and as it was an intensely loyal town, guard duty was not heavy.

The vine-clad hills of Hermann,
  How beautiful they be;
Where the industrious German,
  In true simplicity,

Toils late and rises early,
Cultivates the vine,
The same as in old Fatherland,
Beside the winding Rhine.

The hills around Hermann were covered with grapes, consequently pure wine could be had in the town. Perhaps the officers of the 81st Ohio and the 10th Missouri could testify as to its purity. I do not think the privates tasted of it often enough to be competent judges; it was up-hill business for the privates to obtain wine.

We spent the time at Hermann doing picket duty, drilling, and breaking mules for our regimental train. A herd of forty or fifty mules was driven into the enclosure in which our camp was situated. They were fresh from the prairie pastures, not a hand had ever been laid on any of them; but many of these vigorous Ohio boys had been used to breaking and training colts, so they went to work. The mules were so wild that they had to be caught with lassoes. Many were thrown and bridles forced on them; a blue-coat would mount, and then there would be darting and stiff-legged jumping on the part of the mule to get rid of its rider, but ending in the subjection of the mule to the wishes of the blue-coat. In two hours' time teams were made up from this wild herd, and driven through the camp, hauling logs, etc.

Rations in abundance were issued while here, and a portion of the excess was traded to the natives for vegetables, so we lived while at Hermann as became the nephews of Uncle Sam. Company C was divided into messes of twelve or fifteen men to each mess, and the comrades of each mess took turns in cooking. The several messes were named after the most celebrated hotels in the country. The "Gibson," with comrade W B. Rush as proprietor, claimed to take the lead as to cooking and the fashion.

AN INCIDENT.

Company C will pardon the relation of an incident in regard to the "Gibson" and its boarders.

The tables of all these "hotels," about five in number, consisted of a single plank, twelve or fourteen inches wide, and about twelve

feet long, with stakes driven in the ground for the plank to rest on; they were put up in the rear of our tents. We were *standing* one day at the table of our humble hotel, taking our dinner, when we noticed an unusual commotion at the "Gibson." Comrade Blank, a boarder at the "Gibson," had been to Hermann, and there had imbibed freely of that which particularly belonged to the officers. Returning he found the boarders at his hotel partaking of their dinner. They dined at the fashionable hour of twelve, and had the temerity to do so in his absence. Taking umbrage at this audacious affront, he commenced at one end of the table, knocking off everything — tin cups of coffee, tin plates of beans, piles of "sow-belly" and bread — in fact all the luxuries with which the "Gibson" table was loaded went to the ground before his avenging hand. He had completed the clearing of the table until he reached the further end, where stood little but broad-shouldered James McClelland; and as he came on in his all-conquering career, clearing the table of the aristocratic "Gibson," McClelland waited until he raised his hand to send the last tin plate to grass, then, drawing back and doubling up his "bunch of fives," he let drive *a la* Heenan, taking Comrade Blank in the region of the ear, sending him sprawling to the ground. Comrade Blank, taking a reasonable time to get on his feet, did so, and then hurriedly made for his tent, satisfied with everything but the terrible momentum of McClelland's fist.

CAMP SONGS.

The "Gibson" was noted also for its singing. Night after night we could hear the genial Robert Luttrell — "Bob Ridley," as he was known to Company C — break forth with

> "My name it is Joe Bowers,
> I had a brother Ike,"

or with

> "John Brown is dead, but the last words he said
> Was, 'Keep me in this world still remaining;
> Governor Wise shook his fist at the abolitionist,
> And sent him to the happy land of Canaan."

Then came the refrain of

"Oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah,
The day of the Pentecost is coming!"

in which comrades Mader, Rush, Robins, Hendry, and others exultingly joined, and general hilarity would reign in the camp of Company C.

Who of Company C did not hear late at night in Camp Hermann good-humored and patient Geo. Claypool cry out "You, Frank Dwyer! you, John Mader!" and then George would come out through the folds of the tent, perhaps on his hands and knees, amid the smothered laughter of those two mischievous comrades. It must not be inferred that George was imposed upon by these two comrades, for they were really his best friends. But for their kindly meant though apparently rough efforts, the poor boy would have sunk into hopeless melancholy.

REBEL MAIL.

During the latter part of November we moved from Hermann and encamped near Morrison Station, guarding a bridge on the Pacific Railroad. Our camp was about a mile from the Missouri river, and it was reported that mail for the rebel army was regularly carried across the river at a point not more than two miles from our encampment. Guided by a Government scout who was often seen in our camp, a detachment of eight or ten men was sent to this point for the purpose of capturing any mail-matter that might be on its way to the rebel army. Of the detail made for this purpose I remember but Cary L. Nelson and Amos Swartz (both of Company C), and the scout. We reached the place sometime after dark, and two men were posted on the river-bank in the shadow of the trees, and the balance were placed ten or fifteen yards from the river-bank in a slight depression, with instructions to lie down and keep still. At eleven o'clock comrade Nelson and the writer were on duty, and the rest of the detachment were asleep. The moon shone dimly through the trees. A herd of cattle was browsing around close to us. We could see the faces of some of the men by

the light that came down through the trees. A young heifer cautiously approached the spot where the men were sleeping. She kept slowly moving up closer, and scenting the ground in the peculiar way cattle do. She finally put her nose within two or three inches of comrade Swartz's face, her hot breath causing him to raise quickly on his elbows and utter something betwixt a yell and a scream, frightening the heifer to such an extent that she sprang into the air and came down with her fore-legs on each side of his head, with a bellow that made the woods ring. I think it was a full half-hour before quiet was restored; a cyclone of laughter would rage for a time, die away, then burst forth again, the intervals of silence lasting but a very short time. It is safe to say that no mail for either army crossed at that point during that night.

A SCOUT FRIGHTENED.

Before morning another event transpired, causing a sensation with those sleeping in the aforesaid depression. I was relieved from duty about four o'clock in the morning, and approached the reserve for the purpose of lying down and taking a nap. The old scout was awakened by my approach, and, starting up half asleep, sees a man with a musket in his hand close upon him. His rifle was ten feet away from him, leaning against a tree; his imagination had transformed the boy in blue before him into a thieving, murdering guerilla; his eyes would dart from his gun to the guerilla, and from guerilla to gun, and he was undecided whether it was best to spring for his gun or keep still. Realizing the situation, I made myself known, and the old scout sank back on the ground with a sigh of relief and a smothered remark which had a profane bearing.

We did not remain in camp very long at Morrison Station; spent a portion of the time in gathering pecans, which we found in abundance on the river bottoms. Persimmons also abounded here, growing to a large size.

TO FULTON.

Reports coming that a rebel force had gathered at Fulton, the county seat of Callaway County, the 81st Ohio and the 10th Mis-

souri Infantry were sent to attack them. Joining the troops sent from Hermann, we moved by rail up the river to a point about fifteen miles due south of Fulton. We crossed the river on the steamer *White Cloud*. As we began to cross some horsemen were noticed on the opposite side, who quickly disappeared when they discovered what our intentions were. Landing on the opposite side and waiting for a short time, we began the march on Fulton. It was the intention to attack the rebel camp at daylight. Reaching the vicinity of Fulton about midnight, we bivouacked in the woods along the road leading into the town, and waited for the approach of dawn.

Now, Company C, did you want the rebels to fight for the possession of Fulton, or did you wish for peaceable possession? All that is really known about the matter is this: that the 81st Ohio and the 10th Missouri, with flying banners, in the early morning marched into the pretty town without being opposed, as there was no armed enemy there to molest or make them afraid. Our secesh foemen had decamped, going north; and Fulton was ours without bloodshed. Occupying the town for a day or two, we then commenced our march for the river over the road which we came on.

A THRILLING EPISODE.

Company C, you will remember that you were rear-guard that day, because we supposed "that there the danger lay." After we had marched eight or ten miles, we heard a noise in our rear, and a moment later a young colored boy about eighteen years old dashed into our ranks exclaiming "Save me, boys! save me! Old master is after me, and he will kill me!" "Old master," mounted on a spirited steed, and accompanied by another individual mounted as himself, came hurriedly up and attempted to seize the boy, who by this time was walking between the two inner files, about the centre of the company. "Old master" made several ineffectual attempts to seize the boy, but was frustrated by the boy's activity and the aid slyly rendered by some of the members of Company C, who widened the files as the slave-owner made his several attempts. He requested Captain Adams to assist him in recovering his property,

but was answered by a shake of the head. God bless our great big-hearted captain; he was not the man to help catch and return a runaway slave. The man became so audacious in his efforts to get hold of the boy, that he forced his horse through the ranks of the company in advance of Company C, and received a sword-stroke from one of the officers which sent horse and rider swiftly into the bushes. He then rode to the head of the column and asked the intercession of Lieut.-Col. Turley, commander of the expedition, to help him capture his fleeing property, but met with very little encouragement. However the lieut.-colonel rode back and told the boy that under the circumstances perhaps he had better go back. At this juncture the boy had left the ranks and was holding to one of the stirrup-straps of Colonel Turley's saddle, and earnestly begging the colonel to take him. Company C by this time had become excited, partly broke ranks, and I heard the click, click, of a dozen muskets, and would not have been surprised if "old master" had received their contents. The lieut.-colonel ordered the men into the ranks, and to move on. The last glimpse I had of the scene was this: the scared slave-boy had hold of the stirrup, and was looking up into the face of the lieut.-colonel beseeching him to take him along with the regiment — to save him from the wrath of his master. The colonel told him that he had no authority to take him, but to go back, and everything would come out right in the end. I tarried a moment after the lieut.-colonel rode away, and heard two of the members of Company C speaking their minds to "old master," which they did in about the following strain:

"We're goin' into camp not far from here, will be around here for some time, and if we ever hear tell of your abusing this boy we'll come and burn every d—d thing you've got!"

After this episode we marched on toward the river without encountering any other foe, and without any incident of particular moment.

SECURING ITS OWN.

Reaching the river we halted for a time and had a distribution of rations previous to supper. Company C — ever jealous of its rights — made complaint that the rations of fresh beef intended for it had

been taken by some members of another company, and the dispute waxed warm. Our rations were being borne away right before our eyes, and some of the members of Company C were attempting to retain them by force. At this interesting moment our stalwart Captain Adams appeared upon the scene, and, laying hold with the grip of a giant, bore the beef in triumph to the quarters of Company C. After this Company C never doubted its ability to hold the rations properly belonging to it.

BACK TO HERMANN.

We boarded the steamer *White Cloud*, which lay in readiness to take the regiment aboard, and steamed slowly down the river to Hermann. On our way we encountered numerous flocks of wild geese, and the men commenced to fire into them. Orders were issued for the firing to cease, but the temptation was so great that bang! bang! bang! was the response from different parts of the boat. "The man that is caught firing will be severely punished," came from the commander, Lieut.-Colonel Turley, but the geese would fly provokingly near, and for some time thereafter the bang of the musket was almost incessant. It sounded like a running fight, and some soldiers being in the bottoms near the river, ran to their camp and reported a heavy cavalry fight up the river! The firing ceased before we reached Hermann, but it was on account of the disappearance of the geese. We landed at Hermann, and marched out to our old camp and resumed to a certain extent our former employment.

GENERAL FREMONT.

By orders from Washington General Fremont was removed from the command of the army operating near Springfield, Missouri, on account of his famous emancipation proclamation. The sentiments of the soldiers and citizens generally were with Fremont, but Abraham Lincoln, of blessed memory, no doubt agreeing with General Fremont as to the justice of his act, thought that the proper time had not yet come for proclaiming it. This as we take it was the principal cause of the removal of Fremont. He bade the splendid

army under his command adieu, and on his way to St. Louis passed through Hermann. The troops were all called out and marched to Hermann previous to the arrival of the train bearing the general. They were formed with open ranks along the railroad track. When the train arrived the general, with a portion of his staff got off and, passing between our lines, which stood at a "present arms," re-entered the cars amid the cheers of the soldiers and citizens, and was whirled away toward St. Louis.

Company C, do you ask why I write of matters that do not appear to be of much interest? I reply that it is a part of your history, and I started out to tell you of what I saw and heard and experienced while I had the honor of being one of your number; and if I make mistakes as to dates, and omit many things that ought to be written, I expect your forbearance, as the matters and things of which I write happened in 1861, '62, '63 and '64, and I depend for the greater part upon my memory.

ACROSS THE MISSOURI.

We remained a short time in camp at Hermann. On December 20th we received intelligence that the guerillas had become very troublesome in Northern Missouri, and had torn up the North Missouri Railroad. We received marching orders, and on the 24th day of December 1861, we crossed the river amid the floating ice, and encamped the first night on the north bank. In crossing, our ferry-boat got fast on a sand-bar in the middle of the river, and could not be got off without lightening. A barge which would hold about forty men was brought alongside and filled with men, a number of them belonging to Company C. The boat got off the bar and steamed up the river for another crossing-place. Those of us in the barge tried hard to make a landing, which we could not accomplish for some time on account of the immense cakes of floating ice; finally we touched land with a perpendicular bank fifteen feet high in our front. We dug holes in the side of the bank with our bayonets large enough to place our hands and feet in. I remember the energy displayed by Corporal Edwin W Brown in this business. Assisting one another we gained the top and hurried

for camp as fast as we could, for it was very cold, and a heavy snow was on the ground. Great fires had been kindled in the thick woods not far from the river by some of our men who had in some way not now remembered crossed earlier, and as there was a great deal of broken timber lying around we heaved it on in large quantities, making the flames mount high up among the trees. We carried hay from some *secesh* stacks standing conveniently near, and spread it on the snow in front of the fires; then wrapping in our blankets, we lay down and took our first sleep in "Camp Valley Forge," as it was named by Surgeon McLean, of our regiment.

Early on the next morning the men who had gone up the river to cross came marching down on the north side, their clothing, hair and beards covered with frost, which told of the severity of the weather. "Boys, hurry up your breakfast, we march in less than half an hour," was the word. Breakfast was soon over, knapsacks packed, we are in line, the bugle sounds, we bid "Camp Valley Forge" a final adieu and move briskly northward towards High Hill, a town in Montgomery County, about sixteen miles from the Missouri river. Nothing of an unusual character happened on this day save a serious accident to one of our men, belonging, I think, in Company H. In taking his gun from the stack it was discharged, causing the loss of a finger. It was dark when we reached High Hill, and the inclemency of the weather compelled us to occupy the vacant houses in the town. Company C, on account of its literary attainments (certainly there is no other reason), occupied a school-house. Pickets were posted on all the approaches to town, and on the road leading to Danville. It was reported that a rebel force under Cobb occupied that place.

We prepared our suppers, cooking on the outside and eating inside the school-house. The desks were only about three and a half feet long, and did not make a very comfortable bed for a soldier five feet nine inches long.

AN ANXIOUS SOLDIER.

Comrade Donaldson, of Company C, was anxious about the number of pickets on the roads, and wondered whether all the

roads were picketed. A shot or two was heard, and he remarked "that Orderly Johnson should send a man or two more out towards the railroad, as they might come in on us from that direction." Dwyer proposed that Donaldson be one of the detail to strengthen the picket-line, and then Donaldson concluded that there were pickets enough. He was quite a large man, and endeavored to occupy one of the desks as a sleeping-bunk. After everything had grown still and most of the men were asleep, another alarm was heard, and comrade Donaldson was heard raking the floor on a hunt for his cap, which had fallen off while he was asleep. He would rake the floor vigorously, repeating, "I do think I'm the unluckiest man in this world, I'm never ready;" which caused laughter from different parts of the school-house.

WARLIKE.

The next day the march was resumed and we moved slowly on Danville, seven miles distant. It was early in the war, and we moved with at least as much celerity as General Halleck did on Corinth in May, 1862. The rebels concluded to fight, and formed their line a half-mile out from the town on the road on which we were advancing. But when the Stars-and-Stripes came in sight they concluded that it was not good ground to fight on, and that a creek two miles west of Danville would be a better place to o'erwhelm us. We marched gayly into Danville, ran up the flag on a high pole, piled our knapsacks, and followed the rebels out to their chosen ground. It was nearly night when we marched out of town after the enemy. We halted after we had marched about a mile, and comrade Donaldson remarked that it would be imprudent, as it was nearly night, to follow them much farther; for "if we *have* to fight it had better be done in daylight." However we moved on, and Donaldson cocked his gun, thinking it best to be ready. It went off before we had proceeded very far, and a member of Company C jumped aside saying, "I guess I'm not hit!" We failed to find the rebels at the place indicated, countermarched, and took up our quarters for the night in Danville.

A WINTER'S MARCH.

I think we remained in Danville for two days—didn't we, Company C?—before we marched after the rebels. Our next march after leaving Danville, was continued until midnight, and it was so cold that the water froze in our canteens. We bivouacked at midnight near a house, on a piece of very uneven ground, gathered rails and made fires, made coffee, ate our crackers, drank our coffee, wrapped up in our blankets, and stretched our weary limbs close up to our rail fires. Isn't a rail fire a luxury? I hear a unanimous "Yes!" We were aroused early on the next morning, and found that we had occupied a grave-yard; moved on, and in a day or two we reached Mexico, the county seat of Audrain County, Mo., on the North Missouri Railroad, driving the rebels north until they were intercepted by General Prentiss, ten or fifteen miles from Mexico, where they were beaten and routed by his command.

A newspaper had been printed in Mexico in the interest of the Rebellion, but the editor and printers fled, leaving the press; and some of our boys, being printers, set up the type and caused it to speak for the Union.

After a short occupation of Mexico we began our march back towards Danville. On the evening of the first day's march from Mexico across the prairie, we went into camp near a farm-house on the open prairie. We could get but little fuel of any kind, and the wind blew so hard that the flames would not mount upward, but blazed along the ground, giving out but little heat. We passed a most uncomfortable night, with short rations thrown in.

The next day's march was a severe one; but little to eat, with a slanting cold rain, turning to sleet. We bivouacked amid a few stunted bushes on the prairie, could not find anything dry to burn; had some corn meal which was made into mush; it was mixed with water and half-cooked. Wasn't it a delectable dish? We shivered through the cold night; when we arose in the morning icicles clung to our garments. Couldn't raise fire enough to get warm. Stood around the smothering fires in groups, strangled by the smoke, anxiously awaiting the command to "fall in," when we knew that we could warm ourselves by hard marching.

A GRUMBLE.

While standing around the fires taking in copious drafts of smoke, a comrade of Company C, a plucky soldier, tried on many an occasion afterward, remarked, "What kind of a government is this, to send men out here to do its work without anything to eat!" Nobody seemed to be in a good humor on that morning, and the writer remarked, "Maybe you had better go over and join the fellows on the other side and become satisfied." He looked across the smoky space between us with an unflinching gaze. He was larger and broader shouldered than myself, and came walking deliberately around to where I stood. Hunger and cold had made us somewhat reckless, and we defiantly awaited the course of events. When he had reached the proper distance for offensive operations, with a twinkle of mirth and good sense in his eye he extended an open palm, remarking, "When you write to your friends in Oxford tell them that I am just as black an abolitionist as you are." This was the beginning of a friendship which lasts even unto this day.

"Fall in! fall in!" Company C is standing facing its captain. "Shoulder arms!" "Right face!" "Forward, march!" We are off; "Good! we take the advance to-day." Montgomery City is only ten or twelve miles away on the North Missouri Railroad, and there we will get something to eat.

A RHYME.

Company C, I find from an old letter that I once told the story of our adventures from the time we left Benton Barracks up to the present in rhyme, and it is somewhat shorter than the foregoing narrative.

From Benton Barracks gay
We all did march away
To a camp situated on the dark Missouri river;
And there we daily drilled
Till, in tactics nicely skilled,
We began a winter march, — bade that camp adieu forever.
Then, through the frost and snow,
On we tramped to Mexico;
We had no bread to eat, you will remember;
But on Missouri beef
We stayed our stomach's grief,
And slept on her broad prairies in December!

But now we are marching for Montgomery City. Oh, but didn't we "light out!" Soon we warm up, jokes begin to fly thick, good humor reigns. Ten miles and our campaign is ended; ten more miles, then hot coffee, good crackers, and plenty of meat; the vision is glorious. "Route step!" quick time; no halting. Here we are; Montgomery City! Everybody is happy; stores and shops are hunted up; private families are visited and requested to prepare a "square meal," for which they shall be well paid by some of the blue-coats who have money; rations are procured and distributed, and we are Uncle Sam's well-contented boys.

WINTER QUARTERS.

Remaining a few days at Montgomery City, we marched to Danville and went into winter quarters. One company was left at Montgomery City, one was sent to Wellsville, and one to Florence. Company C took up its quarters in an old church warmed by two stoves. The seats being long with backs to them, two would be placed facing, and were so fixed that they made excellent sleeping-bunks.

Danville contained many good Union citizens; several had emigrated from Ohio a number of years before the war, and it was a pleasure to mingle with them. In fact they were glad of the occupation of Danville by the 81st, as it relieved them of the raiding guerillas with which the whole State of Missouri at this time abounded. Here we remained from the last days in December, '61, to the last week in February, 1862.

We performed an immense amount of guard duty; sent out many scouting parties into the adjacent country; protected the Union people, receiving their sincere thanks therefor; wrote a great many letters to our relatives and friends in Ohio; and on the whole we may say that our stay at Danville was pleasant.

A MISSOURI HERMIT.

While at Danville, two comrades — Lieut. W H. Chamberlin and myself — visited the cave of a hermit who was located in the side of a ravine about two miles from Danville. Under directions

we followed a path through the woods until we came to a ravine, and, following down the same until we noticed smoke issuing from the rocks above our heads, we clambered up the side until we came to the mouth of the den or cave. Hearing a noise down in the bowels of the earth, and a sepulchral voice saying "Come in, fill up the hole," we made our way down into the apartment of this lover of solitude. He was engaged in making a cup of red-pepper tea. We took rude seats that he pointed out for us. Lieutenant Chamberlin engaged him in conversation. His name was George Bowman. He stated that he was born in Ohio, and came to this part of the country several years ago. Had been a dweller in this cave eleven years; was engaged in digging for money, of which a great many thousand dollars had been deposited under the rocks a certain number of feet. A portion of the money, gold and silver, had been placed there three thousand years ago by the "ancients." He showed us one place where he had dug through the rock to the depth of thirty feet. By digging four feet further he said he would come to four bushels of gold! Taking us under a ledge of rocks close to the mouth of his den, he pointed out several places where by digging down a certain number of feet a certain amount of gold and silver already coined could be found. On any other subject but money this strange man talked with ordinary intelligence. In regard to the war he was "non-committal." We suppose that he reasoned that for his business it did not matter which triumphed,—the Union or the Confederacy. We bade him adieu at the mouth or entrance of his subterranean mansion to repair to our camp and hold ourselves in readiness for the behests of Uncle Sam, and he to follow his profession of digging for gold deposited under the rocks in that ravine by the ancients.

Comrade John M. Henness, while on the picket-line at Danville, accidentally discharged his musket, and the contents passed through the fleshy part of his left breast, causing a dangerous wound; but he—being a healthy, plucky, vigorous fellow—was in a few weeks ready for duty again.

A part of the Ohio Brigade, which had been campaigning in Missouri, passed through Danville in the latter part of February, going east. The men had experienced a good deal of hard service,

and were ready for greater sacrifices which would soon be demanded of them.

MARCHING AGAIN.

About the last week in February or the first of March, 1862, we received marching orders. We broke camp, and amid the regrets of the good people of Danville and vicinity marched to Florence, on the North Missouri Railroad, and there took the cars for St. Louis. We crossed the Missouri at St. Charles, and the same day marched in through the gates of Benton, whence we had issued about five months before.

We came back wiser as soldiers than when we went out, for we had done considerable hard campaigning. We had become quite proficient in drilling; we had learned a great many things appertaining to the life of a soldier, which could only be learned by practical experience; and to a great extent were now prepared for the serious work which was to be ours in the near future.

TO THE SOUTH.

We remained but a few days in Benton Barracks, spent the time in getting ready for our flight southward, — our destination being West Tennessee.

We turned over our old guns and received in place of them Enfield rifles with sabre-bayonets, drew new clothing, and put ourselves in trim generally. For Company C and the men of the 81st there is work ahead. Uncle Sam has tried you in some of his work in the preliminaries, and I am proud to say that you performed it with a zeal and fidelity honorable to you. But he is going to test you still further; the fiery furnace is being prepared! Fort Henry is ours; Grant's blue-coats, after a three days' battle, are masters of Fort Donelson; and the hills and valleys of Arkansas are yet echoing to the victorious boom of Curtis' cannon.

UNDER MARCHING ORDERS.

We stand in regimental line, a hardy, well-disciplined, well-equipped body of Union volunteers. Again we pass the gates of historic

Benton, never to re-enter them again. St. Louis has changed since last we tramped its streets, greeted by the smiling Unionist, the frowning rebel, and the apple-stands. It is a fine evening early in March, 1862, and the lamps are lit as we take up our line of march through the city Arrayed in new uniforms, with arms at "right-shoulder-shift," the polished sabre-bayonets glittering in the light, the band playing its best, the 81st passes through enthusiastic crowds of men, women and children — hats circle around the heads of men, handkerchiefs flutter in the hands of fair women, and little boys and girls look wonderingly yet smilingly on as the 81st proudly passes with cadenced step through the masses to the river landing.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Our regimental effects, horses, mules, wagons, munitions of war, etc., were loaded on the steamer *Meteor*, and the next day the big vessel, blue with patriotic volunteers, moved grandly down the "Father of Waters."

Being in a rhyming mood at the time, we wrote

On board the *Meteor*,
Bound for the seat of war,
Down the mighty Mississippi we did glide;
Up the Ohio hastened we,
And the winding Tennessee,
With the Army of the West, the nation's pride.

We passed Jefferson Barracks, twelve miles below the city; quite a large body of troops was stationed there. We encountered a heavy storm of wind and rain the first night we were on the river, and were obliged to stop, as it was so intensely dark that an approaching boat could not be seen the length of a boat from us. The Mississippi was high, and a flood prevailed in the Ohio, the Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers. We arrived at Cairo, which is I think about one hundred and eighty miles below St. Louis, touching only at Cape Girardeau on our way down. Arriving at Cairo the town seemed almost submerged. Built on a low point of land at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, the waters were almost on a level with the streets. A battery of heavy guns, stationed on

the extreme point of land, whose sides were washed by the waters of both rivers, seemed in danger of being covered by the flood.

Bird's Point, on the Missouri side opposite Cairo, was fortified, and all was activity and bustle where the waters of the great rivers met, steamers coming and departing in great numbers. Several iron-clad gunboats were in the river, in whose ominous looking port-holes the muzzles of immense guns could be seen, in whose capacious stomachs lurked Uncle Sam's arguments on secession. Little steam-tugs were rapidly plying between these monsters, shrieking furiously; and everything betokened the great movement of troops up the Tennessee which was then in progress. All the business seemed to be conducted by the agents of the government, and blue-coats were visible everywhere. We anchored for a short time at Cairo, but did not land. The *Meteor* turned her prow into the Ohio and began to breast its raging waters, not stopping, I believe, until we had reached Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee, fifty miles or more above Cairo.

UP THE TENNESSEE.

Arriving at Paducah, our vessel pulled up at the landing-place, but none of the troops landed. The next morn the *Meteor* pushed into the Tennessee. The river was very high, covering the bottom-lands. We noticed many houses entirely surrounded by water, with a canoe tied up at some part of the building, the occupants having left for higher ground. We were now penetrating the bowels of Dixie. Great numbers of steamers and transports loaded heavily with troops, horses, wagons, cannon, and all the implements of war, were moving up the river. It was an inspiring sight; the banners flapping in the breeze, the upper decks of the vessels crowded with men in blue, the music of the many bands sounding sweeter on the water, the Union Tennesseeans, men, women, and children, gathered on the high banks, and on the hill-sides adjacent to the river, waving hats and handkerchiefs, some shouting at the top of their voices, clapping hands, and the distinct "God bless you" coming from the groups, the waving of flags at some points that perhaps had been hidden for months and now were brought out and displayed, filled every heart with joy and exultation.

The sight of "the old flag" had a different effect on some of the groups gathered to see the great movement. The river being very high, and of course running swift in the channel, the boats would hug the shore as closely as possible; and as we would pass close to some groups they would gaze in silence, anon wiping the tears from their eyes which a sight of the old flag and its defenders had produced.

We passed Fort Henry in the night, and strained our eyes to get a glimpse of the place which had suddenly grown into importance, and which had been so much talked about, but our efforts proved unavailing — it was too dark to see. On account of our vessel being heavily loaded, and the swiftness of the current, we did not move very fast up stream, and I think it was six days from the time of our embarkation at St. Louis until we arrived at Pittsburg Landing, West Tennessee, the distance being about five hundred miles. A part of the army had landed at Savannah, a small town on the east bank of the Tennessee, ten miles below Pittsburg Landing. We saw regiments drilling there as we passed up the river. It has been stated that it was the original intention of the commanding general to land all the troops at Savannah, and there await the arrival of General Buell, who was marching his army from Nashville toward this point.

AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

We passed on, and at midnight of March 17, 1862, the *Meteor* ran her prow against the hill-side about two hundred yards above the main landing at Pittsburg, and the Eighty-first O. V I. walked her plank out on to the "sacred soil" of Western Tennessee, and the men proceeded to carry their regimental effects by a circuitous path to the top of the bluff.

THE SITUATION.

Now Company C and comrades of the 81st, let us speculate a little on the situation. A few weeks ago the rebel line of military operations extended from Virginia westward through Nashville and Fort Donelson to Columbus, Ky., on the Mississippi, and thence through the middle part of Southern Missouri to the Kansas line.

All the territory south of this line to the Atlantic and the Gulf, was under the exclusive jurisdiction of Jefferson Davis. The successful movements and battles of the Union armies had shoved that line southward one hundred and fifty miles, and the new line, beginning at the northwest corner of Arkansas, extended eastward through Memphis, Corinth, Chattanooga, and thence northeastward to Virginia. The Union armies are moving up confronting the new rebel line, and here we are, comrades, at the front. Albert Sidney Johnston is assembling a grand army at Corinth, Miss., eighteen or twenty miles to the southwest of Pittsburg Landing, and we are occupying debatable ground.

FIRST GRAVES OF THE ENEMY.

Immediately after the fall of Fort Henry two or three of our gunboats had proceeded up the Tennessee river as far as Florence, Ala., and it appears that a small rebel force was then occupying Pittsburg Landing. Our gunboats had given them a shelling, compelling them to evacuate the place, and killing and wounding a small number. Two or three of the rebels had been buried on the hill, on the right of the road as you ascend from the landing. We visited the spot, and the graves were so shallow that by removing two or three inches of earth the face of one was exposed.

We remained for a few days in camp on the bluff overlooking the landing, and witnessed the arrival of a great many regiments. It rained a considerable portion of the time, and our situation was rather disagreeable.

OUR FIRST DEATH.

On the 26th of March, nine days after landing, Company C lost its first man by disease. Good-humored, genial George Claypool died after a brief illness, and was buried with military honors on the high ground west of the landing.

INTO CAMP.

We then moved about one and a half miles further out, on the right and rear of the main encampments, and found an excellent

camping-place in the edge of the timber, with an old cotton-field north of and close to our camp, and a fine spring of water close by on the west. Here we occupied Sibley tents, which would accommodate twelve or fifteen men each; and here, too, the ingenuity of the men in some of the companies was displayed in the erection of mud ovens (brick not being attainable) so well planned that very good biscuit were baked in them; and as we had been using "hard tack" for a long time, the change was very agreeable.

Here, too, the 81st Ohio was brigaded with the 9th, 12th, and 66th Illinois regiments, and became the Second Brigade of the Second Division, Army of the Tennessee, Colonel McArthur commanding the brigade. I believe that the armies east and west were not yet divided into corps.

There were five divisions of the Army of the Tennessee encamped at Pittsburg Landing previous to the battle, commanded respectively by W T Sherman, McClernand, Hurlburt, W H. L. Wallace, and Prentiss. The second division was commanded by W H. L. Wallace. There was another division of the Army of the Tennessee (Gen. Lew Wallace) encamped at Crump's Landing, six or eight miles below. These six divisions aggregated about forty thousand men.

Here we drilled, had daily "dress-parade," had Sunday morning inspection, and then wandered from camp to camp hunting relatives and acquaintances, wrote letters to the home-folks, pitched quoits, or read the papers from the north, which came to us irregularly, laden with news of the great struggle going on east and west. The 81st was fortunate in getting the news through one of its officers, Lieut. W H. Chamberlin, who was a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and quite a number of copies of that paper were read by the regiment through his instrumentality.

SOLDIERS' SPECULATIONS.

We privates discussed the question of where the fighting was likely to take place. Some thought that Corinth was the place, as it was reported to be strongly fortified, and that the rebels were gathering there in immense numbers. Others thought the rebels would fall

back to Memphis, and that we would have to march there. I do not remember to have heard the opinion expressed that the ground we then occupied would be the battle-ground.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S OPINION.

But now, comrades of the 81st, let us pause a moment. We have arrived at a momentous period in our history, the morning of the sixth day of April, 1862. If all that has been written of the sixth and seventh days of April, 1862, was put in one volume, it would be of such weight and magnitude that Gallia Streets, the strong man of Company C, could not carry it.

"We were beaten," writes one; "We were not beaten," writes another. "We were totally surprised," says one; "We were ready for them," echoes another. "But for Buell there would not have been anything left of Grant's army," writes one; "We would have beaten the rebels without Buell;" and so the wordy war goes on.

We feel like the boy who is so fond of swimming that he cannot wait for a succession of warm days and nights in the springtime of the year to put the water in the "old swimming-hole" in pleasant condition for his favorite pastime, but the first sunshiny day in April we see him naked, standing on the "old log" above the water, shivering as a cold breath of wind touches, and hesitating whether to make the plunge or not. But, Company C and comrades, we have been travelling together for seven long months, recounting our adventures and exploits with a certain degree of minuteness; and although a private's opinion has not with the people the weight and potency of a major-general's opinion, nevertheless we have decided to give ours, and will plunge into the fight again with Company C.

At Pittsburg Landing, then,
With thirty thousand men,
The arrival of Buell we awaited;
But the enterprising foe
Did n't wait for us, you know,—
Sidney Johnston a surprise contemplated.
So on an April morning,
With very little warning,

Came their legions, led by Johnston, by Beauregard, and Bragg;
Though not altogether ready,
The Union ranks grew steady,
And all were volunteers that day who fought beneath our flag.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The morning of the sixth of April, 1862, dawned clear and beautiful. The slanting rays of the sun shot across hill and valley, and shone upon the tents of the Army of the Tennessee encamped on the western bank of the Tennessee river. Here, between two creeks, flowing from the southwest and emptying into the Tennessee, their mouths being three or four miles apart, lay the Union army under the command of General Ulysses S. Grant. The front divisions, I suppose, were encamped about three miles from the river; the second brigade was encamped about one mile and a half by the road from the river.

We came out of our tents about the time the sun began to show itself in the east. It was Sunday morning, the air soft and balmy, and everyone remarked "What a beautiful morning this is." The birds were singing in the branches of the trees above our heads, a smile was on each face, pleasant salutations passed between officers and privates, and I heard such remarks as these:

"Say, Bob, how would you like to be back in old Ohio to-day!"

"O pshaw! keep still! don't tempt a fellow to desert!"

"Say, John, how would it suit to be back in Highland County this morning, fixin' to go to meetin' with that little girl of yours!" And so in pleasant jest and repartee a short time was passed. Then came our breakfast of coffee, beans, meat and crackers; then a detail of several men from each company was made to go to the river to help unload the boats arriving with provisions and munitions of war, and an order for the regiment to prepare for the usual Sunday morning inspection.

While the regiment was getting ready for inspection the details from the several companies fell in and started for the river. We had proceeded but a short distance when we heard a rumbling noise to the southwest in the direction of Corinth. We halted, and the officer in command of the detachment asked, "What is that?"

Some one remarked, "I guess it's the cars in Corinth." We proceeded some distance farther when that rattling, rumbling noise became more distinct. We halted and listened again, and just at that time the boom of a piece of artillery burst on our ears, and our commander said, "Boys, that's not the cars; they're fighting!"

THE FIGHT ON.

We hurried on to the landing, were immediately ordered to countermarch and join our regiment. We "double-quicked" most of the way back, and saw many regiments "falling in" and hurrying to the front. Reaching our camp we found that our regiment and brigade had gone we knew not whither. Getting some crackers and running to the big spring, we filled our canteens with water. Learning the direction our regiment had taken we rapidly followed on, and found it in line of battle on the extreme right. We were in line where a wooden bridge spanned Owl Creek.* Dense timber covered the banks of the creek on both sides; wounded men who were able to walk came down to the creek and reported terrible fighting, and that the woods were full of rebels.

As we were waiting to be attacked we had time to listen to the sounds of battle. About one-half of the thirty or thirty-five thousand men who met the terrible onsets of the rebel army on that Sunday morning had never heard a hostile gun. The steady crash of musketry and the incessant roar of artillery was deafening. The rebels had first attacked our left, but by ten o'clock a. m. it had reached our right, and along a line of three miles it raged without a perceptible intermission.

What a transformation! two hours ago naught was heard in these woods but the singing birds and the voices of men in lively and pleasant conversation; now they are echoing with the thunder of one of the most terrible battles recorded in history. The thousands of faces which two hours ago were wreathed in smiles are now blackened with powder and wear a fierce, determined look. The yell of

* This bridge had been repaired but a few days before by a detachment from the 81st Ohio, and was used on the evening of the first day of the battle by Gen. Lew Wallace's command marching into line.—W. H. C.

the haughty and impetuous Southron is answered by the sturdy Northmen in ringing tones of defiance. The deadly messengers of death sweep through the ranks, whistle overhead, and knock the earth into the faces of the gallant men who yield ground only because they are outflanked. Shot and shell hiss and shriek through the timber, cutting off large limbs which come crashing to the ground.

By ten o'clock a. m. there seemed to be no troops in reserve. The rebels, having a superior force, continually out-line us; and to keep them from getting in our rear our whole force was interposed. The left and centre of our line fall back, and at times are driven toward the landing.

INTO THE FIGHT.

Repulsing an attack on our right, we were ordered to the right centre, on the main road to Corinth. Hour after hour the deadly contest had been kept up; backwards and forwards, over the ravines and rising ground had surged the opposing lines of battle.

Yonder comes a rebel brigade, intent on capturing a battery of our guns. They are met by a line of blue-coats, who pour into their advancing line volleys of musketry; but on they come, right up to the mouths of the flaming guns. "Give them the bayonet!" and back goes the remainder of that rebel brigade before the advancing boys in blue.

And thus the dreadful conflict went on all the long forenoon, and all that long afternoon was heard the steady crackle and crash of musketry, mingled with the deep booming of the heavier guns.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon there seemed to be a lull in the engagement for a short time. At this hour, from the best information, the left of our line rested on the hills not far from the river, and ran diagonally until at our extreme right it was something more than a mile from the river. There is no doubt that this line was the strongest and best adapted for defence of any general line held by our troops during the day.

At this juncture Colonel Morton, commanding the 81st, received an order from General Grant to move forward some distance be-

tween the opposing lines.* The enemy opened on us from a concealed battery, and a little later pelted us with grape and canister. We soon silenced that battery after we discovered its position. In the movement a portion of the regiment had to be thrown across the road. Down that road the grape-shot whistled wickedly. A portion of Company C crossed, and we thought it unusually wide. Comrade J. R. Chamberlin and the writer crossed at a kind of a "hop, step and jump." We dropped down behind a rotten chunk of wood lying at the edge of the road. A spent minie ball struck comrade Chamberlin on top of the foot just as he prostrated himself on the ground; it struck him on the instep where the shoe fitted tight, and although it did not enter, it caused as much pain as if it had. He drew his foot away from the edge of the road, exclaiming, "Charley, I wish you would look and see if that ball went clear through!"

Immediately in the rear of where we were lying stood an army wagon with four mules attached. Three of them were dead, and had fallen as they were hitched; a living mule, the off-leader, stood by the side of his dead comrade kicking vigorously. The wicked minie balls rattled like hail against the wagon, which was standing broadside to the rebels, The mule was still standing—kicking—when we left. The writer has often wondered whether *that* mule was a survivor of Shiloh.

CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG THE FIRST KILLED.

One of Colonel Morton's orderlies was badly wounded at this point. While lying here and firing, we could easily see the rebel line of battle and note its direction through the timber by their banners flapping. A cavalry movement by the enemy on our left was the cause of an order for the 81st to retire on the main line.† I could see their cavalry passing an opening among the trees at a fear-

* The point where the regiment moved at this time was on a camp road leading into the Purdy road, some distance in front of Hurlbut's headquarters camp, and in rear of the camp of the 28th and 32d Illinois.—W. H. C.

† This cavalry was Chalmers', who had passed to the right rear of Prentiss' division.—W H. C.

ful rate of speed. Just as the movement to fall back began, Captain Armstrong, of Company B, was struck in the head by a grape-shot, killing him instantly. Shots from a rebel battery flew thick among the branches of trees above our heads, as we marched back to the main line. We passed through the line, which crossed the Corinth road at right angles, made a *detour* to the left, coming suddenly upon a large body of our cavalry sitting on their horses where the ground was low. They looked fresh, and I suppose had not yet been engaged.

THE CLOSING CANNONADING.

We took position in the front line on the right of the road, and lay down to await developments. General Grant sat on his horse in the rear of some heavy guns at the point where our line of battle crossed the road; some of the boys heard him remark as the regiment passed through, that we "had done a good thing."

Then commenced a terrific artillery duel, never excelled before in this country From the gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, and from all the available artillery along our lines, burst forth the Union thunder. The rebels replied with their artillery. Solid shot and shell went hissing and screeching over our heads; or, bursting, the sharp jagged pieces came rattling down through the trees. The smoke of battle hung like a pall amid the trees, and the very earth trembled beneath the concussion of those heavy guns.

The sun went down, and its departing rays shone on the Army of the Tennessee, torn and bleeding, but still resolutely and defiantly confronting the foe. The artillery fire gradually slackened and finally ceased, excepting the gunboats, which continued firing at intervals during the night.

BUELL ARRIVES.

Re-enforcements from Buell's army began arriving on our part of the line about sunset. It was encouraging to the tired soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee to see their comrades of the Army of the Cumberland coming to their help. They filed along in the rear of our line, speaking words of praise and encouragement. Said one,

"Boys, you have had a hard time of it to-day. We heard your

cannon when the battle opened this morning; we have heard the roar of battle all day; we were thirty miles away this morning,* but here we are; we'll be with you in the morning!"

THAT SUNDAY NIGHT.

I have no doubt but that the comrades of Company C and of the 81st have a vivid recollection of the night of the sixth of April. Somewhere between ten o'clock, p. m., and midnight, as we lay silently on our arms, the officers came along the line of the 81st, and in whispers told the men to get up and fall in line without making any noise. We were going to move forward, and the men were instructed not to speak above a whisper. This at least was the case in Company C. The necessary commands were whispered, and communicated to the men in the same manner, and the line moved slowly forward. Moving forward a short distance we would halt and listen. It was the talk in the ranks that this silent movement, made with so much caution and secrecy, was for the purpose of finding out whether or not the rebels were attempting to steal a march on us.

A PRISONER.

An incident occurred at this juncture which is perhaps worth relating. After we had advanced fifty yards, more or less, and had come to a halt, I noticed a man in our front, to the left of our line. I remember that I was on the extreme left of our line, and stepping away still further to the left, I hailed him in a low tone with, "What troops do you belong to?" He answered, "The 9th Alabama." He then asked, "What troops are these?" I answered, "These are Ohio troops, and you are my prisoner." By this time he had come pretty close up, and handed his gun to Sergeant Chas. Depoy, if I am not mistaken, who I think by this time had approached and demanded it. Just at this time the order was given to "about face," and the regiment moved back to its place in the line. On

* This may be considered an exaggeration not unnatural under all the circumstances. It is well known that the portion of Buell's army which reached the battle-ground that evening did not march thirty miles on that day.—W. H. C.

our way back I asked his name. He answered, "My name is Wright." I told him he was his namesake's prisoner, as that was my name.

I do sincerely ask the pardon of my comrades for the egotism which too often manifests itself in this narration. I started out to give a kind of history of Company C, as I was part and parcel of it; but more particularly I have been trying to give my experience as a soldier while in the ranks of Company C, and it seems almost impossible to do so without committing this offence.

We lay down in line as before, and I had some conversation with the prisoner. He stated that he belonged to Breckenridge's Division, and that we had killed their general, meaning Albert Sidney Johnston. He also added, "You must have devilish big guns, for I was nearly covered up two or three times to-day!"

Comrades, remember how hard it rained awhile before midnight? Oh, but didn't we get soaked! Cold, hungry, and chilled through, we impatiently awaited the coming of another day. Slowly the hours passed by, and as soon as daylight made its appearance we were on our feet and ready for the second act in the bloody drama.

NO BREAKFAST.

It had been our custom on being aroused in the morning to stir around and get breakfast, but the first order on the morning of the seventh of April was "Fall in, men!" "Dress on the colors!" and the first exercise was marching forward and attacking the rebel line. I could hear men remarking, "I wish they would give us time to make coffee!" we had not had any of that delicious and strengthening beverage since yesterday morning, and were growing faint for want of it. Finding that the forward movement without breakfast would soon take place, some of the 81st began to wonder if their guns would go off, as they had lain on the ground all night in the rain. Bang! bang! began to be heard along the line. Orders were issued immediately to "Stop firing, and draw your loads!" but some of the boys did not have the necessary implement to draw the load, and an irregular firing commenced, sounding much like a skirmish. I heard a plucky blue-coat in Company C remark, "I

wonder if they think that we're going to march out there to be shot at, when maybe our guns won't go off, and we can't shoot back!" Bang! went his Enfield. Order was soon restored, and we stood in battle-line, awaiting the command "Forward!"

AN INSPIRING MOMENT.

This to the writer was one of the most awe-inspiring, interesting moments of his life. Here we stand in battle-array, in the early dawn of the morning, awaiting the order to move forward and renew the strife which had raged all day yesterday, ceasing only on account of the darkness and, we might add, the exhaustion of both armies.

Buell's forces had arrived during the night, and before daylight were in the positions assigned them. When we lay down in line on the evening before, the enemy's flags fluttered within gunshot of us, but during the night they had fallen back, selected and occupied a strong position. All is ready, and "Forward, march!" is the command. I glance to the left, and catch glimpses of long lines of blue moving grandly against the enemies of my country; and waving proudly above the serried ranks was the dear old flag, doubly dear since the scenes of yesterday. Oh, comrades of Company C, how beautiful it appeared to me on that eventful morning! Though twenty-four years have elapsed since then, I still feel the thrill of exultation, joy and pride that filled my heart as I beheld that glorious scene; one never to be forgotten while memory lasts. Thousands of our gallant comrades lie bleeding in our front. They moved out over this ground on yesterday morning, with soldierly tread, and manly resolutions in their hearts; hundreds of them are dead,— dying amid the thunder of battle for the cause they held dear—the Union of the States—"One Country; One Flag!"

THE SECOND DAY.

Slowly and cautiously we move over the field of yesterday's conflict, expecting the fire of the enemy at every step.* Our artillery

* Col. Morton, of the 81st Ohio, was placed in command of a provisional brigade that morning, which formed the left of Grant's army, Buell's forces joining the brigade on the left. — W. H. C.

follows closely, occasionally throwing a shot over our heads, striving to find out the position of the enemy. We descended a hill or small bluff, and crossed a little tributary of Owl or Lick Creek. A narrow valley intervened betwixt the little stream and the rising ground in our front. Several cannon-shot screech over our heads while crossing this valley, and a comrade of Company C glances up as each shot shrieks over our heads, and exclaims, "I'd give a good deal to know which side that is coming from!" We ascended the elevated ground in our front, then halted. The artillery crossed the valley, moved up the hill, and took position to the right of our line, and commenced throwing a few shell across a field into the woods beyond.

After waiting for some time we moved forward amid the sad evidences of yesterday's conflict. The ground we are moving over is a part of the encampment of McClernand's division, and the dead are lying thick among the tents. Over this ground the fight of yesterday had raged with great fury, and here too are the dead Confederates lying thick, especially in the ravine on our left.

MEETING THE ENEMY.

We then moved across an open field bordered by a thick woods on the southwest, towards which we were marching. Our skirmishers, a short distance in advance of the main line, gave evidence as soon as they reached the edge of the timber that we were close upon the enemy. As soon as we reached the edge of the timber we were saluted with a shower of musket-balls.

Some of our men drop on their knees and commence firing; others take trees and logs for cover, and we send them bullets as fast as we can load and fire. We have marched too fast, and are close on their line and in advance of our own on the left, and it is soon made evident that we cannot maintain our advanced position. The rebels had thrown up a breastwork of logs, from behind which they could shoot and be very well protected from musketry.

The comrades of the 81st know that this was a fierce fight, kept up I cannot say how long; we were too busily engaged to note the flight of time. To make matters worse for us, the rebels had a

flanking fire on our line, and amid the rattle of musketry the order was given for the regiment to retire. The order was not heard by a great many, and the men went back in a disconnected manner, which was the very way they should have been ordered to do; for if we had gone back in line the regiment would have been mown down like grass. That open field was swept by a storm of grape and canister which would have made terrible gaps in a solid line. The writer of this remembers with what alacrity he sped for two hundred yards, and how the infernal missiles hissed and screeched, tearing up the ground and dashing the dirt in his eyes, until reaching a rallying-point in the same field, just over an elevation, where we reformed and moved to the left into the timber.

We crossed a ravine where the dead of both armies lay thick; a place no doubt where many had crawled to get water, and had died there. Moving at a "left oblique," and keeping under cover of the timber, we came upon nearly the same line that we had occupied under fire, but farther to the left. We moved slowly and cautiously, knowing the enemy were close at hand, but whom the density of the undergrowth through which we were passing prevented us from seeing.

A FIERCE ENGAGEMENT.

Company C, I do not think it wrong or out of place to give my impressions at this interesting moment. I was the last man on the left of Company C, and Company C was on the left of the regiment; and as I occasionally glanced to the right I would get a view of your faces, and it seemed to me that a determination to act well your part was written there. I read it plainly in the features of our stalwart captain; the visage of our first-lieutenant was "calm and placid as a summer lake;" and manly was the bearing of our second-lieutenant.

We emerge from the bushes, and there, directly in our front, not far away, are the rebels. They were moving. Both lines seemed to halt at the same instant, and the fire bursts from both lines simultaneously Our Enfields are speaking with rapid voices, and the fight is on! Fair fight; equal numbers. For Freedom and the Union, Ohio; for Slavery and military renown, Mississippi. A

battery of brass Napoleons in position is in our immediate front, just in the rear of the rebel line, and they do not want us to have them. Gentlemen of the sunny South, Ohio wants those guns, her representatives in blue have set their hearts on those splendid engines of modern warfare, and they ask you to deliver them into their possession!

A COLORED BROTHER.

While loading and firing as fast as possible, I happened to glance to the rear, and from that direction came a black man with gun in hand at "trail arms." He had a cartridge-box buckled on and pulled around in front ready for use. He came up on my left, gazed for a moment along the line of our blazing Enfields, then shouted, "Give 'em hell, boys!" and running forward to an oak tree standing a little to the left of our line of fire, he began to load and fire with an amazing rapidity. He would glance along the line of the 81st, and a smile of intense satisfaction would light up his dark face. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy the fight. I wished to get the privilege of seeing him after the battle was over, and to shake hands with a man who seemed to have no fear of rebel bullets.*

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.

Comrades of Company C, you know I was too busy to note everything that was taking place, for I am crowding an immense amount of history into a small space. I noticed Orderly Johnson going back a short distance with a wound in the head. Comrade Elijah Furry is lying across his gun with a fearful wound in the head —his wound must be painful, as the poor fellow is moaning piteously.

"Fix bayonets!" I hear the ominous clink! clank! of the heavy sabre-bayonet as it is being quickly adjusted on the muzzle of the Enfield rifle.

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* It appears this colored man came from Gen. Rousseau's Louisville Legion, which was slightly in our rear and a little distance to the left. His eager soul brought him where the battle was raging. — W. H. C.

THE CHARGE.

Now, men in gray, are you ready for the supreme test? Your leaders have repeatedly told you that one man in gray is the equal of three men in blue; are you prepared to make good that declaration? A narrow space that can be passed over in one minute of time divides a line of blue-coats from a similar line of gray-coats; now is the time to raise the rebel yell, and with the cold steel drive these Ohio plowboys into the Tennessee.

"Charge!" and amid resounding cheers the blue line moves quickly over the narrow space. Confusion seems to take hold of that line of gray; 'tis caused by these audacious Ohioans advancing and presenting a horrid front of glittering steel!

Then that line of Southern gray
On a sudden melts away,
And they leave the brass Napoleons for the 81st O. V.;
Don't you hear the ringing cheers
Of those Northern Volunteers,
As they occupy the ground quitted by the chivalry?

Our line moved rapidly up among the guns, and we sent several volleys from there after the routed rebels. The regiment suffered the severest loss at this point of any other during the two days. We held this ground until we found infantry and cavalry alarmingly near on both flanks, and, being far in advance of any other troops, we began to slowly relinquish the ground we had gained. Comrade Mader received a shot while standing by one of the captured guns and playfully remarking, "This one belongs to me." Comrades, remember in what manner we retreated from those guns; we would fire, then "about face" and walk slowly while getting out a cartridge, stop and finish loading, blaze away, and then walk on again until half loaded, then halt, finish loading, and give them another. The rebels came on yelling, not knowing what was in store for them.

THE REBEL RETREAT.

A long line of fresh-looking blue-coats had moved up while we had been fighting, and were standing in readiness to receive the oncoming men in gray. Our line halted and witnessed the repulse of

the enemy. On they came, but not with the vigor, vim and dash characteristic of their advances previous to the one they are now making. They are now fighting for time, fighting to secure their retreat, which had already begun.* That splendid line of blue-coats opens on them with a terrific crash of musketry. The onward movement of the rebel ceases; the last "rebel yells" are heard; and in fifteen minutes the last shots are heard on bloody Shiloh, and the tattered banners of the Confederacy are being hastily borne towards Corinth.

TO CAMP.

Owing to the desperate nature of the work performed during the past two days, and the exhausted condition of the infantry, the army was not ordered to pursue, but under orders marched to the camps occupied previous to the battle. There was not a man in the 81st marching back to our camps on that well-remembered Monday evening but felt in his heart that he had done his duty; and, dear old Company C! how proud the writer of this felt that he was one of your number.

As we were returning to camp, we met the cavalry hurrying out to harass the rear of the retreating rebels.

GEN. DUKE'S VIEW

General Basil Duke, of the Confederate army, who participated in the battle, in a lengthy description of the same says that "the outposts of the opposing armies were not more than a mile apart; that there was a general feeling of amazement in the Confederate army at the apathy and ignorance of their adversary; and that much of the impetuous confidence manifested by them on the morning of the sixth of April was due to the fact that they had surprised the Federal army."

Now Company C, my opinion is that had we been as well prepared for battle as were the Confederates, the Army of the Tennessee would not have been driven one foot, and that the falling back

* The location of this action was well out toward the extreme limit of the last day's fighting, and was almost the last close engagement of the battle. — W. H. C.

would have been towards Corinth, instead of the Tennessee river. But Shiloh has been written up and written down, and if we should choose to enter upon a line of argument to prove that the Union army was surprised—as we believe it was to a certain extent—no one would be convinced, and our effort would be wasted.

COMRADE BLAKE'S OBSERVATIONS.

When the regiment marched from its camp on Sunday morning to meet the rebels, a few of the boys—being sick—were left in camp; among them was comrade John Blake, of Company C. Comrade Blake was weak, and remained in camp listening to the sounds of battle as they came to him through the woods from the long lines of embattled foemen. About three o'clock in the afternoon the noise of the unceasing strife grew more distinct, and he began to think of taking a walk towards the Tennessee. He stated that the sutler of the 81st, after listening very intently for a time, grew patriotic, and said, "I believe I will take a gun and go out and help the boys." He picked up a musket, leaned it against a tree, then procured a cartridge-box; he was in the act of buckling it on when a solid shot from a rebel gun came crashing through the top of the tree, cutting off a huge limb which fell to the ground close at his feet. Gazing at the shot-off limb for a moment in great astonishment, he uttered an irreverent exclamation, and, casting the cartridge-box on the ground, he took the nearest path to the Tennessee!

WHAT HE SAW IN A HOLLOW LOG.

Comrade Blake, who is the authority for the foregoing, said that when the sutler left he began to think it was about time for him to be going, too; he started, taking the nearest route. On coming to a large hollow log that lay parallel with his path, and which had an opening of two or three inches in width on the top, he looked in through the aperture and beheld the insignia denoting a certain office or rank in the United States Army. The patriot whose rank was thus shown had crawled the farthest into the log, and, crouched up to him as closely as possible, were two blue-coats who as yet bore

no distinguishing marks, but who, no doubt, when they enlisted promised to follow where he led!

THE SAFEST PLACE.

Comrade Blake, continuing his march toward the river, came to a deep ravine, and went down it. As he neared the river the ravine grew deeper, with rock jutting out on each side. Under one of these shelving rocks quite a number of blue-coats—who had determined to live so as to "fight another day"—had congregated. They had stacked their guns, and had crawled under the rock. As Blake came along one of the number came out remarking, "Boys, let's take our guns and go back to our regiments." Just then a shot came whizzing low above the ravine and he crawled back under the rock saying, "I guess it's the safest under here!"

Comrade Blake reached the river and found that the cavalry made frequent raids in that locality, gathering up the stragglers and sending them to the front.

"I'M HERE YET!"

After we had returned to camp at the close of the battle, Company C remembers the state of exhaustion all were in. Comrade Griner visited the sutler's tent and helped himself to some "pigs' feet." We got a lot of crackers, and three or four of us went to the spring, bound on tasting pigs' feet and crackers; we could not wait for supper. Comrade Griner filled his canteen with water, and seating himself on the ground, placed beside him a lot of pigs' feet and crackers, then commenced without form or ceremony to satisfy his craving for such luxuries. Suddenly he stopped eating, and heaving a deep sigh, exclaimed, "Well, I'm here yet!" The manner and tone of saying this was what caused the laugh to go around.

ON TO CORINTH.

We resumed our old camp and to a great extent our mode of life previous to the battle. This state of affairs lasted about three weeks, and then Grant's army, which had been re-enforced and re-

organized in conjunction with Buell's army and the army of General Pope—which had come up from Island Number Ten and landed at Hamburg, five miles above Pittsburg Landing—began the advance on Corinth.

General Halleck, whose headquarters were at St. Louis, came on soon after the battle and took command, and the onward movement began the last week in April. I think it was on the twenty-ninth day of April, 1862, that the 81st broke camp and marched in the direction of Corinth. I suppose that we averaged a half mile per day for twenty successive days. New roads had to be made, immense swamps were corduroyed in order to pass the heavy artillery, and the provision and ammunition trains. It rained very often, and the roads were almost impassable.

This campaign was spoken of as the "Siege of Corinth," yet if we understand the meaning of the word siege, Corinth was never properly in a state of siege.

The strategy of Halleck transferred this army of nearly one hundred thousand men from the banks of the Tennessee to the vicinity of Corinth—a distance of sixteen miles—in one month!

The army slowly advanced on all the roads north and east of Corinth. At Farmington, three and a half miles northeast of Corinth, General Pope had quite a severe engagement with the enemy, and succeeded in driving them back. There was constant and severe skirmishing with the enemy between Monterey and Corinth, and a great many of our men wounded on the lines. Our loss in this way we think was greater than the rebels, for this reason: they, being better acquainted with the country, of course selected the strongest positions, where, as we were advancing, we had to assail them. Our lines were gradually converging around the town when I was taken sick with fever and camp dysentery, and hauled back to Monterey, six miles from the landing.

IN HOSPITAL.

At Monterey, on a hill-side, principally in tents, were two thousand eight hundred men sick and wounded. Although no general engagement was fought in the campaign against Corinth, yet it was amazing to note the great numbers of wounded, occurring of course

on the picket or skirmish line. After I had been at Monterey a few days prostrate in my tent, I attempted to make my way to a little branch of clear running water; as I was passing a tent some one called my name. Going back and looking in I saw comrade D. Y Lyttle lying on his back and holding a tin cup of water above his breast. Said he, "Come in and take a look; it's a bad one, but I'm not goin' to die!" He emphasized the above with something that sounded a little profane, but here was pluck and manly endurance. He had been wounded in a skirmish May 21st, his wound in the breast was a severe one, and he held a cup of water so as to let it trickle down on the wound to keep down inflammation. We also found sturdy John M. Henness here sick. Stout and rugged as he was, he could n't stand up all the time under Halleck's strategy. The sick and wounded at this place could not receive the attention they deserved on account of the scarcity of physicians and nurses. These gallant men died at the rate of eight or ten per day while I remained there. The dead were all taken to a certain place on the edge of the encampment each night and the next morning hauled a short distance away and interred.

GOING HOME.

But, Company C, I must not forget that I am your self-constituted historian, and I will only say that an order came to send the sick and wounded men at Monterey to certain points in their respective States; that is, all those who were considered able to travel. What a cheering order that was to those feeble, sick and wounded men! and I saw wan faces light up with pleasure when this fact was made known to them. A place was designated to which they must walk to take the wagons for Pittsburg Landing. It was about one hundred yards north of the encampment. I heard several poor weak comrades say "I'm strong enough; I can go;" and they would rise up and endeavor to stand while they put on their clothes, but in some cases would sink down exhausted on their blankets. Agreements were made to steady one another on the way to where they were to take the wagons, as it was reported that all who were unable to walk could not go. It would have brought tears into the eyes of the hardest hearted to witness the efforts of some of those

weak and emaciated men to get to the place which meant the start for home.

A FURLOUGH.

From Covington Military Hospital I was furloughed home for eighteen days, at the expiration of which I returned to said hospital and there received such treatment as enabled me to return to you at Corinth, having been from under your protecting care for three months.

AT CORINTH.

Corinth was evacuated about the last day of May, 1862, and I think you followed the retreating Confederates as far as Booneville, Miss., and I was informed that it was the dustiest of the many dusty marches ever made by the 81st. You returned to Corinth and occupied I think what was known as the "Old Brigade Camp," one and a half miles southeast of Corinth, and close to the Mobile and Ohio R. R. When I came back you were in camp three-fourths of a mile southwest of the town, and engaged in cutting timber. An extensive line of fortifications had been laid out, and the men of the 81st were felling the trees outward from the line and cutting the branches in such a manner as to make it difficult of ingress if Beauregard's men should wish to enter in force. When we returned to you at Corinth it was in the glorious roasting-ear time, and the 81st had surrendered entirely to the seductive influence of the luscious corn, and the men never looked better while in service than at this time. Some of the comrades of Company C had assumed immense proportions physically, all traceable to indulgence in Mississippi corn.

AT HAMBURG.

The 81st received marching orders about the middle of August, and marched to and occupied Hamburg, on the Tennessee, five miles above Pittsburg Landing, where we remained about five weeks. Colonel Morton was in command of the post, and Captain Adams was appointed provost-marshal, and I acted as his clerk, occupying a frame building in the town as a place of business. During our

occupancy of Hamburg five or six hundred men came in from all the country around and took the amnesty oath administered by the provost-marshal and recorded by his clerk. The same question was asked each man, "Are you a Union man?" to which they nearly all replied in the affirmative. It would have been hard to tell what proportion of these men were guerillas and bushwhackers.

One day a man came in, and when asked by the provost-marshal, "Are you a Union man?" gave as we thought an honest answer. Said he, "Colonel, I've been a man who has staid at home, I have never bore arms on either side, I haven't been around to hear any of our speakers, and," hesitatingly, "I don't know whether I'm a Union man or not!" This shows the difference betwixt the average Southern man and the average Northern man. The Northern man reads, goes to hear the public speakers, and then decides for himself what he is religiously and politically. The Southern man reads but little, but waits to hear what men like Jeff. Davis, Breckenridge, Yancey and Toombs have to say, and then his political opinions are cut and dried for him.

Our stay at Hamburg was rather uneventful; I rather mean that no great events happened while we occupied Hamburg. Lieutenant Corns, I believe, with an enterprising little squad of mounted men, kept the guerillas quiet.

Sergeant Howell, also, with a detail of men from the 81st, went down the Tennessee on the steamer *Terry*, acting as a guard. While returning, the rebels captured the boat and burned it. Some of the men who were on picket escaped, made their way to Lexington, on the Columbus and Corinth Railroad, went from there to Corinth, and finally reached Hamburg.

Lieutenant Irion, with a small force, was sent down to Pittsburg Landing and occupied it as an outpost. I think the greater part of the detail were members of Company C.*

VISIT TO SHILOH.

Comrade Isaac Eshelman and the writer visited the outpost one Sunday, and found the occupants of the battle-ground thoroughly

* This was the last military occupation of the famous battle-field during the war. — W. H. C.

enjoying themselves in gathering and eating peaches found in abundance within the limits of the battle-field. Everything was quiet and peaceful as we passed over this historic ground. How changed from that Sunday six months ago, when over these fields and amid these woods seventy or eighty thousand men were attempting to shoot each other to death. What torrents of blood stained this ground when we remember that over twenty thousand men were either hit with bullets or torn with shot and shell. Into these dark ravines hundreds who were wounded crawled to obtain water and to avoid being shot again. No pen can portray the anguish and suffering which took place in these dark woods and tangled ravines, where the wounded who were not able to get off the field lay during Sunday night. Suffering with shattered limbs, or pierced through the body with bullets, with no mother, sister, brother or friend to soothe them with words of sympathy and kindness, these brave men in loneliness and in the darkness died!

CONFISCATED CORDIAL.—A MYSTERY

As we have before stated, our stay at Hamburg was rather uneventful. No doubt many things transpired worthy of record, but I do not recall anything exciting or sensational. One thing may be added which is really of the utmost importance in a soldier's life, and that was—we had a variety of things to eat, and in abundance.

Quite a large amount of blackberry wine or cordial was confiscated and taken possession of by the provost-marshal, and I believe a quantity of it was distributed to each company in the regiment, and in limited quantities issued to the men. About thirty bottles were placed upstairs above the office of the provost-marshal—not for his use, for he was a man that never touched anything of the kind; it was intended for hospital use. After the cordial was located upstairs in our office, a comrade of Company C visited me often. He manifested his friendship and affection for the provost-marshal and his clerk to such an extent that he would often call twice each day; and, the steps of the stairway being broad and comfortable, he preferred to sit on a step instead of a camp-stool. The native Tennesseans coming in on business often occupied the attention of the

provost-marshal and clerk. Our comrade would tire of sitting on the step, and as there was a window upstairs from which an excellent view of the Tennessee river could be had, he would quietly ascend the stairs and take—a *view* of the Tennessee?

Of course we felt flattered at the assiduous attentions of our comrade, coming regularly and helping to relieve the tedium of a provost-marshal's office; and it was doubtless gratifying to him to be able once each day, and sometimes twice, to relieve the monotony of camp life by coming to the office, ascending the stairs, and taking a satisfying view of the winding Tennessee! Orders came suddenly for the regiment to march to Corinth. The clerk was directed by the provost-marshal to pack two or three bottles of the cordial in the officers' camp-chest, which the clerk did, placing an extra one there for himself. Our comrade came while I was engaged, for the purpose of taking a last *view* of the Tennessee. I found that the artistic way to view the Tennessee was to uncork a bottle of the cordial, swallow its contents, and then there was no trouble in taking in all its beauties at a single glance. There had been so many *views* taken that there were only four bottles left. I placed them in the chest, assisted by our obliging comrade, who would not stand by and see me perform all this labor without lending a helping hand. The chest was placed in the headquarters' wagon, and I saw no more of it until we reached Corinth, and in unloading I reached in the chest to get out my bottle of cordial, but alas! it was not there! In fact there was no cordial in that chest for anybody! As there were no hills or high ground on the road from Hamburg to Corinth from which a good *view* of the Tennessee could be had, our comrade could not be suspected, and the disappearance of those four bottles of cordial remains a mystery to this day.

BATTLE OF IUKA.

Our return from Hamburg to Corinth occurred about the middle of September, and we went into camp on the east side of Corinth, and had pickets on the roads which came in from the east. Great activity prevailed, and the cavalry passed in and out, and contrabands in large numbers began to flock into Corinth.

The rebel armies of Price and Van Dorn were south and southwest of Corinth, and scouts reported unusual activity prevailing among them, threatening a movement against either Bolivar or Corinth, or the re-enforcement of Bragg in Middle Tennessee. General Rosecrans was a few miles south of Corinth near Rienzi, with the divisions of Stanley and Hamilton. The Second Division, to which the 81st belonged, was at Corinth.

Price was reported to be marching towards Iuka, a town on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, twenty-three miles east of Corinth. The Second Division and some other troops under General Ord reached Burnsville, six miles west of Iuka, on the afternoon of the 18th of September, and bivouacked on hilly ground near the town, and waited to hear from Rosecrans, who was marching towards Iuka on roads several miles south. General Grant accompanied the column under General Ord.

It seems that it was the intention of General Grant for General Ord and General Rosecrans to march their respective commands so as to reach the vicinity of Iuka at the same time, and there communicate and await orders.

General Ord, marching from Corinth, reached Burnsville on the 18th, and halted. Rosecrans, moving from Jacinto, skirmished with Price's cavalry (no doubt pressing the rebels too closely), and when within three or four miles of Iuka, one of his divisions was fiercely attacked by a portion of the rebel army. This engagement took place about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of September, resulting in Rosecrans holding his ground and Price withdrawing his troops to the town. Rosecrans had been instructed by General Grant to seize and hold both roads running south from Iuka, but held but one of them; and during the night of the 19th Price's army retreated on the main road. On the next morning our division started for Iuka.

THE ADJUTANT'S SPEECH.

Comrades of Company C will remember that before marching the regiment was formed in hollow square, and after thirty additional rounds of ammunition had been given to each man — making

seventy per man, — Adjutant Evans rode in and made the regiment a speech something like the following:

"Soldiers! it is probable that we may get into a fight before night, and it is hoped that each man will acquit himself as a true soldier. Your record at Shiloh is all that could be asked. It may be that some lives will be lost, but *that* will not make *much* difference. We all have to die some time. If we should, matters will go on about the same. *The world will not stop if you and I should get killed!*"

I was standing at the side of a jolly sergeant in Company C, and when the adjutant stated that "the world will not stop," etc., he nudged me with his elbow, remarking, "That's a great consolation for us to know that the world won't stop if *we* get killed!"

We moved pretty early on the morning of September 20th, and if my memory serves me correctly, the road we followed trends off northeastward from Burnsville for some distance, passing through a wide swamp not far from Burnsville. We had not proceeded very far after wading the swamp until we met some of our troops returning, who informed us that General Price with the Confederate army was retreating south.

GENERAL GRANT'S THOUGHTFULNESS.

The comrades of Company C and some others doubtless remember that just as we were entering the swamp in the march towards Iuka General Grant came up with his staff. We were in the advance, and the head of the column had not penetrated the swamp more than thirty yards when the general came up; the road was narrow and the bushes and decaying logs on either side very thick, making it difficult to get through on horseback. If he kept the road he would have to ride very close to the men marching. He found that his horse was throwing mud on the men, and he very considerately reined his horse into the bushes and, picking his way among the logs and brush close to the road until he had passed the head of the column, then came out into the road; and every man that witnessed it was pleased and ready to cheer the general. I think that some of his staff did not follow the example of the

general, but kept in the road, and remarks were made not at all complimentary to them. I suppose that they thought—like a certain Texas official did—that they were "*biger* men than old Grant," and need not quit the road to accommodate a column of volunteers marching to battle!

Trifling as this little incident may seem, yet to a certain extent it shows the kind of a man on whose shoulders the greatest responsibilities were soon to be placed. The man who is kind and considerate in little things will be so in great things. All honor to our great Lincoln for placing such a man at the head of the armies of the Union!

We countermarched, waded the swamp, and marched back to Corinth, and again occupied the "Old Brigade Camp." This was about the 22d of September, 1862. We remained in camp here for ten days, and rested while the rebel armies were marching and combining.

CORINTH.

Let me say a few words about Corinth.

Corinth is or was then a small town in Northern Mississippi, situate about four miles from the Tennessee line, twenty-five miles from the Alabama State line, and about nineteen miles southwest of Shiloh battle-field. The Memphis and Charleston Railroad is crossed at right angles by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad at this town, and the military authorities during the war considered it the key of West Tennessee. It was to this point that Albert Sidney Johnston led his defeated rebels after the reverses of Forts Henry and Donelson. Here he re-organized his shattered army, and to this point to his standard flocked the men in gray from all the Gulf States, and from Missouri and Arkansas. It was from this town in the first week in April, 1862, that the great rebel chieftain led his eager warriors in gray, with the Stars and Bars blossoming and blooming above them, against General Grant's boys in blue, who had audaciously come two hundred and forty miles up the Tennessee river, and had landed at Pittsburg Landing on purpose to see what their Southern brethren were "going to do about it."

BATTLE OF CORINTH.

Early on the morning of the 3d day of October, 1862, the brigade to which I had the honor of belonging (2d brigade, 2d division, 16th army corps, Army of the Tennessee) stood on its regimental color-lines in front of its camp, about one and one-half miles southeast of Corinth, ready for the command, "March!"

We did not then know that it was to be a day of battle, but we thought that we had a large-sized hint when we were told to pack our knapsacks and leave them in our tents, to put in our haversacks the usual three days' rations, and to take an unusual number of rounds of ammunition. A blue-coat near me remarked, "Boys, you'll hear music to-day! I'll bet old Price ain't three miles away!" His prophecy proved correct; old Price was just about three miles from Corinth.

The combined rebel army under Price and Van Dorn was moving on Corinth from the west. We marched quickly to the town, through it, and halted for a few minutes about one-fourth of a mile northwest of the town. We there heard the first mutterings of the coming storm in the deep boom of the rebel cannon as the enemy were cautiously advancing.

We had halted near Forts Williams and Robinett, on ground that could be swept by the guns of those forts, and I thought, here would be a splendid place to make the fight; but, surprising as it may seem, General Rosecrans thought differently, and we were ordered to move on northwestward, on what was known as the Chewalla road, until we came to the breastworks which had been built by Beauregard's army after its defeat at Shiloh, and which were intended to keep we Yankees out of Corinth after that famous two days' controversy at Shiloh, where we found out what they were *going to do* and *did do* about it.

This rebel work was a slight affair, and would only serve as protection against musketry; but we quickly deployed behind it and extended our line as much as was thought prudent.

A battery came up and took position on some high ground immediately in the rear of my regiment, and we were ready for Uncle Sam's business. It seems that it was not the intention of General

Rosecrans to fight the battle on this ground, but two or three thousand troops were sent to this point to stop the advance of the rebels and hold them in check while dispositions were being made for the decisive engagement nearer to the town and under cover of the guns of the forts.

SKIRMISHERS.

We were no sooner in position than the rebel skirmishers made their appearance in the edge of the timber about two hundred and fifty yards in our front. We were looking over the works and scanning everything in front with all the eagerness displayed by troops in the beginning of a fight, when Sergeant W W Merrill, Company C, remarked, "Boys, there's a sharpshooter in that bushy oak down there in the ravine!" and bang! went the sergeant's Enfield. One of the boys remarked, "I think he tumbled and fell behind the tree." I do not know whether the sergeant hit him or not, and if I had been asked to go down there and pick him up I would not have gone willingly.

The rebel skirmishers gave us an occasional shot, and quick was the response from our line. At this juncture I was deeply interested in movements being made in the rear of their skirmishers. Through an opening in the woods I could see the rebels forming their lines for the assault on our works. The woods seemed to be full of the "men in gray." A great number passed this opening; tramp, tramp, tramp, they kept coming; and, knowing our number and speculating on theirs, I was more than ever convinced that back a mile and more in our rear, under the guns of Robinett, was the place to make the fight, *if it had to be made*.

THE ASSAULT.

The rebel skirmish-line began to thicken, and their first shots struck the ground, knocking up little puffs of dirt and dust thirty yards in our front. John Blake, Company C, who sometimes spoke words bordering on the profane, noticing this called out, "Shoot higher, you d—d rebels, you're doin' no good!"

But here they come; out of the woods into the clearing in our

front steps a rebel column; they advance about thirty yards, halt, and look longingly at us. We are gazing at them along the barrels of our Enfield rifles. A Parrott gun close in our rear speaks; the messenger of death hisses over our heads, enters the centre of the rebel column, and down go the Stars and Bars, and another faded piece of cloth just behind it, and by the same shot down go three or four devoted sons of the South. This seems to disconcert them, but instead of "about-facing" and running back to the woods (as I hoped they would), they made an oblique movement to their left, to avail themselves of the advantage that a ravine afforded, and which placed them more directly in our front.

But the fight is on! away to the right and in our front the rebels are moving. This is the hour when cowards falter, but brave hearts shine forth in the majesty of true manhood! Onward come the brave rebels; the crackle, crash and roar of the musketry mingling with the deep bass of the artillery is making the music prophesied by my soldier-friend, Thomas Watt, in the morning. The 81st was firing from works facing westward; the works to the right of us were held by Illinois, Indiana and Iowa troops. One hundred yards to our right the works bent and angled off northeastward. A half mile north of us the rebels had placed a battery, and the shot from this battery came tearing along in our rear fearfully close. There was not an enlisted man in all that line, nor a commissioned officer, that was in love with this state of affairs, and to me it was conclusive proof that the battle had better be fought under the guns of Robinett.

The musketry fire was now terrific. I could hear the steady voice of Captain Chamberlin, "Load fast, boys; load fast!" which was the one thing needful at this particular time.

The rebel line seemed to be badly broken, still they kept advancing. I could see their wounded trying to get back to the woods; still their line advances. Cowards do not face bullets in the manner they did. Away to the right, where we have no men, they are crossing the works; we shall have to fall back. The command is given, and the men spring out of the ditch. It was not our last ditch. Now a long-legged Mississippian can stride over a large patch of ground in a given time, but it should also be remembered that an

Ohioan, trained to plowing four acres of corn per day, and hunting squirrels on Saturday afternoons among the hills of Paint Creek and along the Talawanda, is not the slowest chap in the world.

GENERAL OGLESBY'S SPEECH.

After falling back five or six hundred yards and crossing a small open field we halted, and in two minutes were in line of battle facing the oncoming men in gray. The enemy halted on the other side of the field, and were forming for a speedy advance. General R. J. Oglesby, commander of our brigade, rode out in front and in a very emphatic manner stated, "Men, we are going to fight them on this ground." The general apparently felt that some color of blame attached to the retrograde movement, and he made a most impassioned appeal to his men to stand firm. "If there's any dying to be done, men, I pledge you my word I'll stay with you and take my share of it," he said with all the fervor of his earnest manner.

FALLING BACK.

An officer coming from towards Corinth rode up and handed General Oglesby a paper. He read, placed the paper in his pocket, and gave the order to "about-face," and in battle-line we moved through the woods toward Corinth.

We halted about one-fourth of a mile from Fort Robinett, and laid down in line on a ridge in a field of dead timber a few yards in the rear of a battery of field guns which immediately opened on the advancing rebels. This artillery fire was replied to from the rebel guns, and the shot hissed, screeched and tore up the ground around us, causing our prostrate line an immense amount of anxiety.

SERGEANT MADER'S HUMOR.

Sergeant John Mader lay just in rear of the commander of Company C. He placed his head behind the captain's foot, a little distance from it, and, drawing my attention, said, pointing to the captain's foot, "It's got to go through *that* before it hits me." Bluff, brave, good-humored John Mader; he served his country faithfully, —he was wounded at Shiloh, and experienced the horrors of the

prison-pen at Andersonville,—but he survived all and came back to his admiring friends, spending many years among the endearing associations of home; but above his manly form the grass is growing green!

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The battery in our front ceased firing and moved to the rear, nearer the forts. Our line was moved back two hundred yards, the line of the 81st crossing the road on which we advanced in the morning. Other troops were in position on this line. The rebels advanced and opened with musketry, the response was quick from the Union lines; and now the fight is on in terrible earnest.

I glanced along that line of glorious blue. The afternoon sun shone in the powder-stained faces of the men, the polished rammers glint and glisten amid the wreaths of battle-smoke, and there—floating proudly and defiantly above the flaming guns—is the Starry Flag, bullet-riven, but "a thing of beauty and a joy forever!" I touch elbows on the left with a young comrade whom I had learned to love and respect for his many good qualities; a rebel bullet had torn its way along the side of his head, and I requested him to go to the rear; he responded, "I am not hurt bad enough yet!" Such was the spirit of the volunteers, who willingly made any sacrifice to uphold the honor of the Flag and maintain the Union. A few feet away a comrade staggers from the ranks, drops his gun, sinks to the ground, and he is dead on the field of honor!

GENERAL HACKELMAN KILLED.

General Hackelman brought up his brigade to connect on our right; the brigade was moving in such a manner that it would overlap our line about the length of a company, I heard the general commanding his men to give way to the right, so that they could move up squarely on the line. A moment later I saw him quivering in his saddle and slowly falling from his horse. Calvin P McClelland laid down his gun and stepping back took the mortally wounded general in his arms and gently laid him on the ground.

The firing is now at its height, the leaden bullets seem to be

searching for every living thing, and amid the general crash and roar the command "Fix bayonets!" rings along the line.

And now, gentlemen of the "sunny south," you must go back; you forced us from the works this morning much against our will; the decree has gone forth that you must retire! I heard it in the clanking of those bayonets just now. It radiates from the stars on the only Flag that can wave in this country.

"Forward!" is the word; forward the line moves, firing and cheering; and *such* cheers! Your enthusiastic political meetings offer but a faint comparison to the victorious cheers of those strong-lunged men who under the flag were moving resistlessly on the rebel lines. Onward the line moves, backward go the rebels, slowly, sullenly and reluctantly at first, but faster as that line of royal blue moves magnificently on.

GENERAL OGLESBY'S TRIUMPH.

How fine the sight now to see General Oglesby. The tinge of shame he had felt at the repulse of the morning was swept away, and his radiant face was a study of exultation. He cheered, he laughed, he rode like one almost beside himself with joy, and looked into the faces of his victorious men with a thankfulness that inspired them to greater valor. In the midst of his triumph a shot pierced his side, and he fell fearfully wounded.

Backward for several hundred yards the rebels are pressed, until the charging column has orders to stop and return to the line from which it started. The first day's battle was over.

This movement, in which General Hackelman was killed and General Oglesby and General Baldwin were badly wounded, was one of the closest contests of this two days' battle, but it has hardly been mentioned in the official reports, or in other accounts of the battle of Corinth. If General Oglesby or anybody else thought these troops were beaten in the morning, this magnificent charge proved that they had in them the spirit of brave soldiers.

The sun was just above the tree-tops as the exhausted men reached the line from which they started on that wild charge.

THE WOUNDED COLOR-BEARER.

On returning from the charge I noticed a large man with a color-bearer's belt on him striving to get back, yet staggering like a drunken man. He was badly wounded, a musket-ball having passed entirely through his breast. I took his blanket and untied the ends and spread it on the ground and told him to lie down on it. Then calling three comrades, I requested them to help me carry the wounded man back; each one took hold of a corner of the blanket and we started towards Fort Robinett. He was very heavy, and complained that it hurt him to be carried in this way, and requested us to stop and put him down. We did so, and then my comrades moved on. I helped him to his feet, and steadying him as well as I could, we moved slowly on. He said, "Let me lean on your shoulder, I am very weak." I asked his name; he replied, "David B. Johnson; I was color-bearer; I have tried to do my duty;" and then added sadly, "but I shall not carry the old flag any more." I had the satisfaction of getting him back to where our lines were reforming, and where he would be taken care of. I left him to take my place in the line. I never heard of him afterward. He may have recovered, as many did who were shot in the same manner; I hope he did, for he carried the "old flag" in as gallant a charge as was made during the war.

Wagons loaded with barrels of water were sent out from Corinth, and the men were so nearly famished for want of water that they would not wait to have their canteens filled, but they climbed into the wagons by dozens, and sank their hot faces down into the barrels and drank.*

NIGHT.

It is now night, and the first act in the bloody drama is over. The greater part of the night was spent in choosing positions and

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* This engagement, in which Gen. Hackelman was killed and Gen. Oglesby wounded, was not fairly treated in most of the official reports. With two brigade commanders disabled and the division commander, Gen. J. A. Davies, under ban with Gen. Rosecrans, this omission is not strange. Gen. Davies, speaking of it in his farewell order, says, " at two o'clock 1785 officers and men of the division had to meet the army of Van Dorn and Price at the White House."—W. H. C.

forming the lines for the second act, in which nearly eighteen thousand Union volunteers and thirty thousand Confederates are to contend for the mastery. The long night wore away, and the slanting rays of the October sun revealed to the eye the Union army in line and ready for battle.

"'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at that array!"

Our line of battle was something over a mile in length, extending from Battery Richardson, northeast of the town, westward to Robinett and Williams, northwest and west of the town. The 81st Ohio was in position near Richardson, on a piece of high ground; and, looking to the left, we could see one-half of our line of battle. All along our front, one-third of a mile away amid the timber, lay the combined legions of Price and Van Dorn, ready for the onset.

THE SECOND DAY.

A rebel battery began throwing shell into Corinth before daylight, but it was soon silenced by the heavier guns in Robinett. Seven o'clock came, and stillness seemed to reign everywhere. Batteries are in position, and the gunners are standing in their places. The blue-coated infantry are standing or sitting immediately in the rear of long lines of stacked Enfield and Springfield muskets, whose bayonets glisten in the morning sunlight. The men are gazing northward, ready to take arms at the first appearance of the men in gray.

Eight; nine o'clock; stillness still reigns; no sign of the mighty conflict is yet apparent. On my left I heard an unsubdued comrade remark, "If they're goin' to take us, why don't they come and do it in the cool of the morning? it'll be hot after a while!" At half-past nine we note the appearance of a few rebel sharpshooters in the edge of the timber, but as yet not a shot.

Ten o'clock; skirmishers appear and, crouching behind logs and stumps, bang away at intervals along our front. It was the pattering of the first drops of the terrible storm soon to burst upon us. Our men have sprung to their arms, and the tattered flags wave defiantly from the centre of each regiment.

THE REBEL ASSAULT.

Out of the woods emerges the Stars and Bars, and underneath them at quick pace tramp the men in gray. Boom! boom! from Richardson; boom! boom! boom! from Robinett. Ten thousand muskets jut against ten thousand shoulders; ten thousand eyes glance along ten thousand gleaming barrels; ten thousand fingers touch ten thousand triggers; and ten thousand bullets go hissing on their messages of death; and the second act in the bloody drama has begun.

But is it possible for any one individual to describe the scenes of the next hour along that battle-front? with what fierceness that rebel line of battle came; of the partial giving way of a part of Davies' division, and the rebels entering the edge of the town; the rallying of the line that had been broken, the forcing of the rebels back and restoring the line; of their final complete defeat in Davies' front; the splendid fighting of Hamilton's men; of the wild charge of the rebels on Robinett, away to our left, and their bloody repulse, in which the Ohio Brigade took so prominent a part, sending their broken and routed lines back to the woods, not to come again, but to prepare for swift retreat; all this we know, but we cannot describe.*

THE FORCES.

The army with which General Rosecrans fought this battle consisted of four divisions of about four thousand men to each division, commanded by Davies, Stanley, McKean and Hamilton, aggregating sixteen thousand men.

General Rosecrans in his official report estimates the combined armies of Price and Van Dorn at thirty-five thousand men; their loss in the battle of Corinth was one thousand four hundred and twenty-three officers and men killed, five thousand six hundred and ninety-two wounded, and two thousand two hundred and forty-eight prisoners, among whom were one hundred and thirty-seven field officers, captains and subalterns, representing fifty-three regiments of infantry, sixteen of cavalry, thirteen batteries of artillery, and

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*See Appendix A.

seven battalions. We captured also fourteen stands of colors, two pieces of artillery, three thousand three hundred stands of small-arms, four thousand five hundred rounds of ammunition, and a large amount of accoutrements. Our loss was three hundred and fifteen killed, one thousand eight hundred and twelve wounded, and two hundred and thirty-two prisoners and missing.

WHISKEY.

If I were a temperance lecturer I would take the battle of Corinth for a subject. The rebel dead and wounded lay thick in our front, and after the fighting had ceased, in company with a comrade of Company C, I went out some distance on the field. My comrade picked up a canteen and the scent of whiskey came out of it. We examined quite a number, and they all told the same story; they had all been drained, but the smell was still there.

ROLL-CALL AFTER THE BATTLE.

The memory of the third and fourth days of October, 1862, will always remain with me, and a feeling of sadness comes when I think of the "roll-call" after the battle; of the manly faces that I looked into on the morning of the first day's fight; faces that never appeared again when the roll was called.* They lie, my comrades, 'neath the soil consecrated by their blood. Yes! there they sweetly sleep in their soldier-graves, and the fragrant wild flowers of that genial clime annually bloom and blossom over the places of their last repose.

"And the gentle rains of heaven,
Falling down like mercy's tears,
Softly hath bedewed their pillows
Through the lapse of all these years."

MISSING!

During the fight in front of Robinett, or the "White House," as it is oftenest called, on the afternoon of the 3d, Amos Swartz, of

* The regiment had less than two hundred men in this battle. Its loss was eleven killed, forty-four wounded, and three missing. — W. H. C.

Company C, received a wound in the head, and I advised him to go to the rear and lie down under a tree that was pointed out to him. He replied proudly, "I am not hurt bad enough yet." In a few minutes after, when Hackelman's brigade moved up and connected on our right, and the order was given to "charge," he moved forward with the charging column, and that was the last seen of him. On the forenoon of the 5th, with permission from Captain Chamberlin, and accompanied by Comrade J. K. Nelson, I searched over the ground of the "White House" fight to see if we could find him. The weather was warm, and the faces of the dead had changed to a very dark color, and the bodies were much swollen. We examined the bodies of a great many They were lying as they had fallen, and had not been disturbed; but we did not find him. Whether he was wounded again and taken prisoner when we fell back from the charge we never knew, and the manner of his disappearance is a mystery

I think William McM. Adams, of Company C, was lost in a similar manner at the battle of Shiloh. Some months after the battle Adams was heard from. A rebel officer, passing up the Mississippi as a prisoner, related to a member of the 81st O. V I. that he helped inter a Federal soldier after the battle of Shiloh, and took from his pocket a Testament on the fly-leaf of which was written the name of William McM. Adams, Company C, 81st O. V I.

AN INCIDENT.

It had often been the theme of remark that prior to the war the Northern and Southern people understood but little of each other. I will give an instance in support of this. After the firing had ceased on the second day, we were standing in line awaiting orders. A wounded Confederate lay close to where were standing. Comrade Nelson and myself walked to where he lay. He was an intelligent looking man, about thirty years of age. I asked him where he was wounded. He said his leg was broken by a ball just below the knee. Comrade Nelson suggested that we carry him back to the shade of an oak tree standing a short distance away. We picked him up and carried him as carefully as we could and laid him in the shade. He

thanked us in the kindest manner. Just then the regiment was ordered to move a short distance to the right. I said to Nelson, "Joe, let us place this man farther back in the shade, so that the sun won't reach him for some time." We did so, and also told him that the ambulances would soon be here, and he would be taken to the hospital. He looked at us very earnestly and said, "If I had known that you were the kind of men I have found you to be, I never would have fought you."

NIGHT MARCH.

Comrades of the 81st doubtless remember that night march we made after the battle of Corinth. We marched to the old brigade camp, and the men were so tired that instead of preparing a good supper they preferred fixing their bunks to lie down and take a good sleep. I remember that I had spread my blanket and had gotten everything ready, had lain down and was reaching so as to get hold of my blanket to pull it over my wearied limbs, when some man in blue having authority put his unwelcome visage into our tent and uttered this terrible and heart-rending sentence, "Boys, be on the color-line, prepared to march in ten minutes!"

If the two words "uncomplaining men" had been inscribed on our flag it would have been appropriate for all the time the 81st marched under it; but on this particular evening I did hear some sentences not used in the Sunday-school books.

DIVERSIONS.

Notwithstanding all this, at the appointed time the regiment stood on the line indicated. The necessary commands were given, and we marched southward. Soon the ill-humor passes away, and the joke and raillery of the march ensue. A song! Now hear "Ridley,"

> "I 'll tell you why I left there,
> And how I came to roam,
> And left my poor old mamma
> So far away from home."

Another; hear the inimitable T. R. Willis,

"Oh, I'll meet you on the four-square!
I never shall forget;
I'm off for Chattanooga
In the morning!"

'Tis now eleven o'clock, and quite dark, but no signs of halting; midnight, tramp, tramp, tramp! On through those long hours from one till the sun begins to show himself faintly in the east, then—"Halt! front! fix bayonets! stack arms! rest!" and down behind the line of stacked arms drop the weary boys in blue, twenty-four miles southwest of Corinth.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

takes immediate possession, the sun mounts above the tree-tops and through the leafy openings looks down on the tired sleepers.

INTERVIEW WITH THE ENEMY.

After two or three hours of refreshing sleep I awoke, and rising to a sitting posture and vigorously rubbing my eyes, am partly able to realize the situation. Looking through the woods I observed several rebels not far away, and wondering what it meant I was quickly on my feet, and on taking a more careful survey I noticed a white piece of cloth, or more properly speaking their flag of truce. Our men by this time began to wake up, or were awakened by their comrades, and began going out to learn the meaning of this rebel force being so close to us and no explanation yet given. This was a detail from various rebel regiments made and sent back by General Price to help bury their dead at Corinth. General Rosecrans having set parties to work soon after the fighting was over to gather and bury the dead of both sides and that duty having been performed, would not let them within our lines at Corinth, but gave them three days' rations, which were contained in three wagons, and they, after having been detained at Chewalla three or four days, had started south to rejoin the Confederate army. The bridge across the Tuscumbia river near Chewalla had been burned by the retreating rebel army, and they were now engaged in digging down the banks

on each side so as to get their wagons across. As but few could work at a time the balance mixed up with our boys and began to play cards, trade pocket-knives, and to exchange various little articles of personal property to be kept as mementoes of this occasion. Indeed it was a novel sight. Here were the men who a few days before were engaged in a fierce battle, doing their utmost to kill each other, now engaged in friendly conversation, talking, joking, and laughing, all apparently in good humor, giving each other's experience in the late fight, and acting like brethren.

THE THREE TO ONE BUSINESS.

I engaged in conversation an intelligent looking Missourian. (A great many men from Missouri were in Price's army.) He spoke freely of his service in the rebel army, and of the desperate fight we had at Corinth. Seeing that he was in excellent humor I asked, "What about this three to one business, anyhow?" Said he, elevating his forefinger, "All I want is *one* Yankee in front of me, and I want a devil of a big tree betwixt him and me at that!"

The banks were soon cut down sufficiently to get the wagons across, and the officer in command ordered his boys in gray to "fall in," which they did in about the same time and way that we "blue-coats" usually did. Some of our boys told them to "dress up and make a good line," and they would laughingly obey. They moved off amid a volley of good-natured remarks, such as "Take care of yourselves till we meet again," "See that no rotten chunks fall on you," "Good-by," etc., and the column was soon lost to sight in the woods.

RETURN TO CORINTH. RECRUITS.

After a few days' stay in this place, which was really a delightful part of the country, abounding in pork, sweet potatoes, and fowls of different kinds, to which the 81st paid respectful but devoted attention, we returned to Corinth and went into camp south of the town, a short distance west of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and on the 19th of October we received a large number of recruits—about six hundred men—and were now a full regiment with the requisite number of companies.

These new companies were designated A, G, H, I, and K. Company A had for its officers Captain W H. Hill, Lieutenant D. S. Van Pelt and Lieutenant Timothy Shaffer; Company G, Captain Geo. W Overmyer, Lieutenant C. J. Sprague and Lieutenant M. A. Ferguson; Company H, Captain W C. Henry, Lieutenant W B. Guthrie and Lieutenant R. E. Roney; Company I, Captain James Gibson, Lieutenant H. K. S. Robinson and Lieutenant J. C. Crawford; and Company K, Captain B. F. Matthias, Lieutenant Charles Lane and Lieutenant Hezekiah Hoover.

Learning of the arrival of the "new men" at Corinth, on the next morning, October 20th, we marched out some distance towards town, halted, opened ranks, facing inward, and the recruits soon made their appearance and marched through our ranks with the regiment at a "present arms," which was re-enacted by the recruits opening ranks and presenting arms as the veterans passed through. The regiment then marched to the color-line and stacked arms. Several men were added to each of the old companies, filling them up to full companies, and we were for the first time a fully organized regiment.

About the first of November we moved our camp to the northeast side of the town, occupying a part of the battlefield and within the inner line of defences, and commenced preparing winter quarters. Some of the men built log huts, with fire-place and chimney.

WINTER QUARTERS.

Company C had a variety of houses. One log hut was built capable of accommodating twelve or fifteen men; I should think it was sixteen feet in length and about ten feet in width. The logs were notched and fitted nicely; it was daubed between the logs with Mississippi clay. I was covered with clapboards riven in the old style by some of the boys whose energetic fathers had built log huts and had riven boards in Ohio, and had taught their sons the useful art. A window or two was planned which gave sufficient light; excellent bunks were fitted up in this cosy war cabin; a fire-place with a good drawing chimney completed a dwelling-place so comfortable and well arranged that its builders' names should not be lost. I can

recall Comrades Arden P. Middleton, John A. Wilson, J. K. Nelson, Peter Duffield, J. H. Middleton, Frank L. Dunlap, John E. Taylor, Joseph P. Taylor. I think there were three or four others, but I do not now remember them. Some of the men built up with logs for three or four feet, built fire-places and chimneys, and set their tent upon the new structure; and in various ways all made themselves comfortable.

We then engaged in drilling every day for some time, as our recruits needed educating in that line. The old part of the regiment complained some at the incessant drilling, but the situation we were in rendered it necessary, and in the course of two weeks we had obtained a tolerable degree of proficiency in the "manual of arms and field evolutions."

PROLONGED DRILLING.

We will here relate an anecdote of Comrade R. H. Griner in relation to the drilling. For a time we had "squad drill" in the forenoon near our camp, and about half-past one in the afternoon the regiment would march to a large plain south of Corinth and there be put through regimental and brigade drill, and often it would be nearly night before these tiresome exercises would cease.

One afternoon we were "put through," as the boys termed it, an amazing number of evolutions, including a grand regimental wheel to the right or left, in which the men furthest away from the pivot would have to come around running their best. It was nearly night, and for three and a-half hours we had been "wheeling," "changing front," "forming lines of battle," "charging bayonets" at an imaginary foe, etc. We were performing one of those grand wheels, Company C on a "dead run," going so fast that two or three men tumbled to the ground, and as we came up on the line "about-faced" and dressed to the right. Comrade Griner, with his face covered with dust and sweat, glanced at the sun now on a level with us, and exclaimed, "Maybe night will put a stop to this!" The men all laughed heartily, and the expression was often used afterward.

TOUR OF OBSERVATION.

About the middle of December, 1862, we started on a "tour of observation" southward. The force consisted of the 81st Ohio and 9th Illinois Infantry and two pieces of light artillery (Battery I, 1st Missouri). At Blackland some rebel cavalry made their appearance, and we formed line and waited until our cavalry reconnoitered the place and reported no enemy in force, when we moved on, reaching Saltillo, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, the next evening, and encamped not far from the town on ground that the rebels had formerly used as an encampment.

CONTRASTS.

I wish in a brief manner to give our experience for two days and nights on this march. The first day we had a pleasant march; the weather was fine, and everything conspired to make it agreeable. We went into camp or bivouac about an hour before sundown, had a nice camping-place, with plenty of dry wood and water. We prepared and ate our suppers, and then fixed places to sleep. With Comrade Joe Eshelman I gathered a large quantity of long dry grass, and piled it about a foot deep betwixt a large log and a fence, so that if it rained we could stretch our gum blanket from the log to the fence, and in that way keep off the rain. We then placed an army blanket on the grass and "made up" our bed. The night proved a pleasant one, and our bed was delightful. We waked up in the morning refreshed and ready for the next march.

The march was resumed early in the morning, and about two o'clock in the afternoon a driving, chilling rain set in. Though somewhat protected by our gum blankets, we were all partly wet. When night set in we encamped in a cheerless looking place, everything damp and wet. No dry wood could be found, the rebels having burned all the fence. We had to put out a strong picket-line, and of course a heavy detail was made from each company. The details were made and the men posted before getting their suppers. The worst part of the matter was that no fires were allowed on the picket-line, and consequently the men had no chance to dry their

clothes or warm themselves. (It is known to the soldiers that the evenings are always chilly in Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi even in the warmest time of the year.) I remember that on going to relieve a comrade, John G. Scroggs, I found him chilled through, his teeth chattering so that he was unable to talk, and I candidly believe that if he had had to remain two hours more on duty he would have died on his post. The troops crouched down everywhere on the camp-ground as they were, without shelter, and on the whole it was one of the most uncomfortable nights that we experienced while in the service.

I have thus shown the difference in two days and nights of this march, the one perfectly enjoyable, and the other perfectly miserable. At Guntown, before reaching Saltillo, we captured a rebel mail.

THE EXPEDITION RETURNS.

On the morning succeeding the miserable night I have described, we crossed the railroad and passed through Saltillo, and the head of the column was turned northward. I think that a small part of our force (mounted) proceeded as far south as Tupelo, where they captured a few Confederates. The object of our expedition was to discover whether the rebels were using the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to concentrate or throw troops in the rear of General Grant, then operating in Central Mississippi.

Learning that the rebels were sending a strong force to cut us off from Corinth, we returned on a road east of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, passed through Jacinto, at which place we received orders to hasten our march to Corinth, where we arrived about noon, having been gone about seven days. We brought back with us a lot of captured horses and about one hundred prisoners.

HALF RATIONS.

On account of the railroads being destroyed by the rebel cavalry, on the 22d of December we were put on half rations, and this continued for over two weeks. In this manner we learned the true value of something to eat, which nearly all of Uncle Sam's boys ex-

perienced something of during the war. Every soldier knows that as coffee, crackers, beans and meat grow scarce, in the same proportion they grow sweeter to the taste.

After the battle of Parker's Cross Roads we started to cut off the retreat of the rebel General Forrest before he could get across the Tennessee. I think we marched as far as Clifton or Clay Hill, where we spent another glorious night in the rain. General Dodge, finding that well-mounted rebel cavalry could travel as fast as we could, gave up the race and returned to Corinth.

About the middle of January we received intelligence that a cargo of provisions under the protection of the gunboats had come up the Tennessee to Hamburg. A lot of schoolboys never became more jubilant over a vacation than did we older boys when we heard of this. How *ready* we were to march and escort a train of wagons to Hamburg to bring back provisions; how we *did* march, and when those wagons were loaded and on their way back to Corinth, could they have been taken from us? Not while our ammunition lasted.

A few days later more provisions for the garrison at Corinth arrived at Hamburg, and a train of several hundred wagons, guarded by several regiments, was sent to bring them to Corinth.*

AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT.

It commenced raining in the afternoon on the day we marched to Hamburg, and in the evening we had to pass over the corduroy road which had been built by General Pope's army when he landed at Hamburg after the battle of Shiloh and began his advance on Corinth. The logs and poles of which it was composed in some places were broken, and there were dangerous holes and places which the men could not see when it had grown dark. A comrade would tumble down, and then he would be accused of wanting to locate his "land warrant," which for a time produced some merri-

* This large force was sent not merely to protect the provisions, but to make a demonstration against the rebels under Roddy, up the Tennessee, which is described later. Its failure, by reason of a disabled steamer, was shrewdly attributed to the unwillingness of the civilian crew to incur the risk of getting into an engagement. — W. H. C.

ment, but this soon ceased. The driving rain had penetrated our clothing, and the weather was cold enough to render us uncomfortable. The 81st marched to the river and boarded a steamer at the landing, and Company C was soon transferred to a barge alongside the steamer, where we passed a most uncomfortable night, having no chance to warm or dry our clothes. In this case we could just as well as not have been permitted to go on shore, where we could have built fires and dried our clothing, but we were crowded into that barge like so many cattle; our cooks were not allowed to go on shore to make us coffee. I think in all my army experience I never felt so utterly miserable as I did on that detested barge. The cold rain had penetrated my clothing, wet to the skin, chilled entirely through, my teeth chattered (like Harry Gills'). I tried my best to keep them still, I could not do it. In the midst of this universal misery came the welcome intelligence that coffee was being prepared for Company C, and in a few minutes our large camp kettles full of that delectable drink were passed down into the barge, and in such quantities that every man in Company C had all he desired. Thanks! a thousand thanks to our considerate company commander, Captain Chamberlin, aided by Orderly Johnson.

Our captain, indignant at the treatment we were receiving, and knowing what we needed, went on board the *Raymond*, and by persistent effort and persuasion, adding gold to his pleading, got permission of the steward to make coffee in our kettles, and it was made and carried to the men on the barge; and if ever a body of men felt grateful for a great kindness shown them, cold, wet, chilled Company C felt grateful to its captain.

A FAILURE.

It was nearly morning before we started up the river. I believe it was the intention that we should proceed up the Tennessee to within two or three miles of Florence, Alabama, land, and attack the rebels under Roddy, said to be occupying that place. We had not proceeded many miles up the Tennessee when one of the large wheels of the steamer became disabled, and we were obliged to return to Hamburg.

About midnight, as we lay at the landing, we heard the cry of "a

man overboard!" A corporal of Company D*— I think his name was Benjamin Stewart — had lain down on a bale of hay trying to get a little sleep. In attempting to get off the bale, being stiff with cold, he fell into the river, and nothing was seen of him afterward. Poor fellow, he was a victim of that night's mismanagement!

The 81st on returning down the river landed and marched (quick time) to Corinth. It was said at the time the march was made in seven hours, the distance being over eighteen miles.

DEATH IN CAMP.

There was a great deal of sickness among the troops at Corinth during the winter of 1862–63, the mortality in the 81st being confined almost exclusively to the six hundred men who came to us in October. They had not become acclimated, as had the remainder of the regiment, and the water at Corinth was not very good.

Day after day could be heard the muffled drum, and a burial-party with reversed arms would march to the place of interment with the remains of a comrade, and then the three volleys would be heard announcing that another comrade had been laid in his soldier-grave, and that in far-off Northern homes tears would soon be shed and loving hearts ache for the gallant boy who would never return.

A SOLDIER'S FIRST PRAYER.

After we had removed from our camp south to the inner defences of Corinth, northeast and close to the town, Robert Luttrell, myself and two or three other comrades, were one day standing in our camp and looking towards the "White House," the scene of our hard fighting on the third of October. Said Comrade Luttrell, "You remember that devil of a shellin' we laid under over there in that field, don't you?" I replied "I rather guess I do, Bob; we'll not forget that very soon."

"Well," said he, "I did something over there that I never did before in my life." "What was that, Bob?"

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* The record shows that Corporal Benjamin Stewart, of Co. D, was drowned at Hamburg January 26, 1863. — W. H. C.

"Well, I prayed."

"Oh, I reckon not, Bob; *you* didn't pray!"

"Yes; I" be d—d if I didn't."

And we all laughed at the thought of Luttrell's *swearing* that he prayed.

MARCH EASTWARD.

Nothing of much importance transpired in the camp of the 81st during the month of March and the fore part of April, 1863. I believe the 81st celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh by a very good supper, and with something "to take" beside.* It took a great many men to picket all the camps around Corinth, and as there was a continuous line of pickets we went on duty often.

About the 15th of April, 1863, we started on an expedition eastward from Corinth; though the outpost at Glendale had been attacked by a rebel force on the day before, I do not think that was the reason that General Dodge moved with all his available force. The troops were all in excellent condition for marching, the weather fine, and the country through which we were to march—a portion of it at least—as good as any in the South.

We marched on without any particular incident until we reached the vicinity of Bear Creek, the crossing of which was defended by Roddy's cavalry. Just here I must relate an incident of the crossing of Bear Creek.

LOOKING FOR HIS MULES.

One of our comrades was a good soldier with the exception that he did not like to carry a gun and take his chances where bullets were flying, but would help take care of a sick comrade, was a good teamster and a good cook. We had often heard him express the strongest aversion to the whistling of bullets or the bursting of shell anywhere in his vicinity. We were marching along on the third day out from Corinth, and were nearing Bear Creek, although we did not then know it, never having been in this part of the country be-

* That celebration took place in the Tishomingo Hotel; Captain Ozro J. Dodds, of the 81st Ohio, responded eloquently to one of the toasts.— W. H. C.

fore, the weather delightful, and everybody seemed happy. Suddenly a halt was called, and the men ordered to give way to each side of the road. A section of artillery came dashing up, and pushing forward a hundred yards, came around on a wheel, halted, unlimbered, and the horses were led away a little distance, guns placed in position, and—boom! boom! in quick succession.

I happened to be marching in the same file with this comrade. At the first discharge of the gun he straightened himself up, and, looking intently at the guns, he in a tone of intense earnestness exclaimed, "Good Lord! what's up now?"

There was some rebel cavalry at the crossing of Bear Creek, and the artillery was shelling them. The 81st moved up in support of the battery. After a few shots they limbered up, and we moved on down to Bear Creek (or river it should be called, as it is a wide and deep stream).

It was so deep that the troops could not wade it at the ford. A hundred yards below a large rope was stretched from shore to shore, and the men were ordered to undress and wade it. We took off our clothes, tied them in a bundle, and putting the bundles on our bayonets, got on the lower side of the rope or cable, and holding on with the right hand, letting it slip as we progressed, and keeping as close together as we could walk, waded Bear Creek. The water ran so swiftly that it would take the feet of the lighter soldiers from under them, and they would have to cling to the rope with both hands to keep themselves from being swept down stream.

While we were undressing some one in Company C inquired, "Where is Comrade Blank?" One of General Dodge's couriers had just ridden up, and hearing the inquiry said "I saw the man you are inquiring after about a mile back from here; he had a bridle in his hand, and said that his mules had got away from him!" When the regiment was ordered to move up and support the battery, Comrade Blank had hastened to one of the wagons, put in his gun, and, securing a bridle, had started towards Corinth in search of his mules! After we had waded over, put on our clothes, and had marched a half mile from the creek, up comes Comrade Blank smiling, and causing a smile all over the company. Finding that there was to be no serious disturbance at the creek, he concluded to let the mules "go to grass," and rejoined the regiment.

HOW WE CROSSED BEAR CREEK.

The passage of Bear Creek was one of the most amusing performances imaginable. At the point where we came up out of the creek the bank was about fifteen feet high, the ascent being quite steep. The first ones to cross reached the top without any difficulty, but there were hundreds, yea, thousands, to cross, and soon the path grew slippery, and then often would some luckless nephew of Uncle Sam, who had after a desperate effort nearly reached the top, commence slowly sliding back again, to be immersed in the waters of Bear Creek a second time. This slippery bank was no respecter of persons; it knew no private, corporal, sergeant, first or second lieutenant, or captain; they all walked into this creek and came up this bank on an equality — divested of private's blouse and captain's uniform, and we noticed with intense delight the stern and dignified captain of a company slowly but surely sliding back to the cool and refreshing waters of Bear Creek and while he was making the most energetic efforts with hands and feet — with hands by grasping a shrub and holding on; with feet by digging with toe-nails frantically into the slippery and yielding soil — finally reach the bottom, and then take another course and come up the bank to receive the congratulations of his equals. All were equal on the top of this bank until each one had enrobed himself.

A STORM.

After crossing we marched on some distance, as reports came back that our cavalry, under Colonel Cornyn, had engaged the enemy a mile or two ahead, but we were soon ordered back, and the brigade bivouacked near the ford in the edge of the timber, and awaited the arrival of the force under Colonel Streight, which had been sent from Nashville to make a raid through Northern Alabama and Georgia.* We soon had indications of a storm, and the men began to prepare for a rainy night, but as we were in light marching order we had not much material to prepare with. There was a barn

* Here the other brigade from Corinth overtook us. It had in it the 27th, 39th, 43d and 63d Ohio regiments. — W. H. C.

standing on a low hill about a half mile from our camp, and three comrades, N. W Crooks, Robert Luttrell, and Henry Furry, agreed to bunk together. Crooks and Luttrell were to clear a place, stretch the blankets, and get things ready, and Furry was to repair to the barn and get an arm-load of straw to sleep on. Meantime the storm had been hurriedly preparing to burst upon us,—the thunder rolled and reverberated among the hills, the black clouds, white-fringed, grew darker, the wind began to bend the giant trees that adorned the valley of Bear Creek,—and ere Comrade Furry returned with his load of straw the great storm struck our camp, and large numbers of blankets were wrenched by the wind from the hastily-constructed places where they had been stretched, and the rain came pouring down in torrents and drenched to the skin the awe-struck blue-coats.

In the midst of the general uproar Comrade Furry arrived with his rain-soaked load of straw, and, going to the place where his bed was to have been prepared, he found Crooks and Luttrell crouching close to the ground, wrapped in wet blankets but stoically taking it all in, that is the rain.

"Where's my bed? where am I to sleep?" he indignantly asks.

Crooks replies, "My kind friend, walk into the best room, right into the parlor, and take the softest bed; it is ready; walk in;" and then from Comrade Furry came a volley of expletives never yet written.

COLONEL STREIGHT'S DEPARTURE.

Upon the arrival of the force under Colonel Streight we marched on toward Tuscumbia. I think we left Bear Creek on the 23d of April, our cavalry having frequent skirmishes with Forrest's rebel cavalry. On this march we passed through some of the finest country to be seen in the South. The Tuscumbia valley is grandly beautiful, and we should think not excelled in fertility by any other portion of the country which the 81st has marched over. The farm-houses and fences in many places gave undisputable evidence of thrift and industry. The rebels made their appearance at several points on the march from Bear Creek to Tuscumbia, compelling General Dodge to move his command with extreme caution. After

crossing Cane Creek we advanced in line of battle over the open fields for some distance, the rebels falling back as we advanced. They were found in a very strong position at Little Bear Creek, our lines passing through a dense dark woods before reaching the creek. When we pushed forward to attack them they retreated without a fight. We halted for two or three days at Tuscumbia, a pleasant looking town, but at that time nearly deserted. Our cavalry pushed forward for several miles and kept the rebels employed. Here Colonel Streight's command was further equipped, and in the night moved off southward on a raid against the rebel communications, destroying railroads, rolling-stock, etc. General Dodge's command then moved on eastward to divert the attention of the rebels from Colonel Streight and give him a chance to fulfil his mission. Colonel Streight, after having several severe encounters with the enemy and being compelled to keep moving day and night, was finally surrounded, and himself and nearly all of his command were captured near Rome, Georgia.

GENERAL DODGE DIVERTS THE ENEMY.

General Dodge pushed forward as far as Town Creek, Alabama, where we had some severe skirmishing. The artillery was used awhile, and then the infantry advanced across the creek, the rebels presenting a long skirmish-line, sufficient to mask a large body of troops. Our skirmishers were thrown forward, and the line advanced up the ascent and followed on over the high ground, the rebel skirmish-line (mounted) keeping provokingly near. The ground then descended eastward. Our skirmish-line I should think was a mile in length, and the troops in column followed at regular intervals in rear of the skirmishers ready to unfold into a line of battle.* The country was open, and the whole line could be seen

* General J. W. Fuller, then commanding the Ohio Brigade, in which were the four Ohio regiments, 27th, 39th, 43d, and 63d, writes thus in a private letter of this movement:

"Dodge evidently knew Forrest, and understood his tricks of drawing out his antagonist to follow a small force, while Forrest lay in ambush to 'sail in' on the flank. Dodge quickly formed his command of three brigades, — one deployed, the other two moving in columns behind either flank, — so he was ready to face

advancing. The rebels kept slowly falling back, some of them in range of the Springfield rifle, and they acted as though they were decoying us on to a hidden rebel line which would soon rise up and astonish if not o'erwhelm us. It was one of the most splendid war pictures that we had yet seen. Some rebels taken by our men afterward, and who had taken part in the affair, stated that the advance of General Dodge's troops at Town Creek was one of the finest sights that they beheld during the war.

BACK TO CORINTH AGAIN.

We returned by regular marches to Corinth, having been gone about three weeks and marching two hundred miles; reaching our camps around Corinth on the 2d day of May, 1863. We re-occupied the camping-grounds we had left, and resumed the duties of the picket-line. The 81st, however, did not long remain in this camp, but was ordered to occupy the camp lately left by the "Ohio Brigade," about a mile south of Corinth.

SINGULAR WEDDING CEREMONY

There was an immense contraband camp located within the picket-lines at Corinth, containing for a time about three thousand men, women, and children. They had fled from the plantations south and east of Corinth, and, coming here, tents were provided for them and rations issued by the Government. Ministers visited their camps and preached to them, and marriage-rites were performed that had been neglected, as many had been living together and raising families without undergoing the marriage-ceremony. On one occasion I attended what was called a "numerous wedding." Sixty persons, thirty men and thirty women, coupled off, arranged themselves in a circle around the minister, and were all married at once; and I noticed that several of the couples had three or four pledges of their affection standing immediately behind them.

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either way. It was all done so quickly that Forrest's force ahead fell back, and Forrest himself struck not a flank, but a line of battle from which he recoiled in a hurry. I always recognized Dodge as a soldier from that little affair."—W H. C.

TO POCAHONTAS.

Marching orders came, and on the 3d of June the regiment started for Pocahontas, a town in West Tennessee, twenty miles west of Corinth, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. We took up our line of march about noon, and in the afternoon were beset by a terrible wind and rain storm. The branches of the trees swayed to and fro in such a fearful manner that the men kept watching the tops of the trees, fearing that they would be broken off by the force of the wind, and come crashing down on them. Happily no one was hurt in this manner. We bivouacked not many miles from Corinth, and passed an uncomfortable night. Our misery was the keener on account of the good and comfortable quarters of the night before. We resumed our march on the next morning. We came to one place in the road where the hill was so steep and "cut up" with gullies that two or three teams could not make the ascent. The mules were unhitched, and the wagons were pushed and pulled to the top of the hill by the blue-coats in short order. A little black boy stood by the roadside crying bitterly. He said that his father and mother were gone, and he was lost from them. He said he did not know where to go. There was no habitation to be seen anywhere. One of the boys in Company C kindly said to him, "Come and go with us." The little fellow seemed surprised at being kindly spoken to, and took his place by the side of his soldier-friend, and kept right there until we reached Pocahontas; in fact he seemed to regard this comrade as his particular friend, and would not leave his side.

We reached Pocahontas about noon, or perhaps a little later, on the 4th, and halted for a time near the town while a camp was being selected.

CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED.

While waiting, three or four of the recruits of our regiment—who "didn't like the nigger"—tried hard to make Colonel Morton's boy, who was the largest, whip the dark-skinned boy. The little fellow was scared, said he didn't want to fight, and begged to be let alone; but these great big chivalrous recruits said he must fight, pushed him around, and told the colonel's boy to strike him,

which he seemed to want to do and did do, causing the blood to flow from the little fellow's mouth. This was too much for honest, big-hearted John Mader, and with flashing eyes he forced his way into the circle or ring formed around the two boys and in indignant tones demanded to know the reason that this little black boy was being so outrageously treated. Then, pushing two or three of the boy's persecutors aside in no gentle manner, he placed himself by the side of the crying boy, saying that none but "cowardly whelps would treat a poor friendless boy in that manner," and "I am here to defend him." His tone and manner convinced the recruits that it would be dangerous to trifle with the little black boy's friend, and they hastened away. A comrade took Mader's hand and said, "John, we all know that you've been a good soldier, always did your duty; but you have never done anything of which you should be more proud than that of defending this poor colored boy."

IN CAMP.

We encamped in a beautiful grove about one-fourth of a mile from the town, and established a chain of pickets around the town. Our principal occupation for a time was the performance of picket duty. Our camp was near the Hatchie river, and we made a practice of bathing in it almost every day. From the residents of Pocahontas we learned that John A. Murrell, the noted outlaw and murderer, often made his appearance there and in that vicinity.

COURT-MARTIAL MURDER.

While the 81st was in camp here Captain W H. Chamberlin was on duty at Corinth as judge-advocate of a military court-martial, and I was detailed as his orderly. Court was held in a large frame building on the outskirts of the town. I made copies of orders and wrote out copies of the charges and specifications against the parties being tried, for the use of members of the court-martial.

I was present at the trial of Colonel Francis M. Cornyn, of the 10th Missouri Cavalry, and saw him shot to death in the room adjacent the court-room by Lieut.-Colonel Bowen, of the same regiment. Colonel Cornyn had been a strict disciplinarian, and some

of the subordinate officers of his regiment had been remiss in their duty, and they had been tried on charges of disobedience to the commander of the regiment. Wanting to retaliate in some way, they conspired and brought charges against Colonel Cornyn, which at the time of his death he was fast disproving. It was the custom of the court when certain points of law were to be discussed, that the defendant and clerks would have to leave the court-room and remain in the room adjoining until the point was settled, and then they would return to the court-room. One day the room was cleared as usual. Colonel Cornyn, Lieut.-Colonel Bowen, the clerks and two or three others, among them Lieut.-Colonel Phillips, 9th Illinois, entered the adjoining room. Colonel Cornyn began to walk back and forth across the room, humming a tune, as he was in the habit of doing. Lieut.-Colonel Bowen stepped in front of him and made a remark of an irritating nature. Cornyn pushed or waved him away with his hand, remarking, "You, sir! keep away from me; I wish to say nothing to you;" or "I want to hear nothing from you." I noticed that Bowen had a navy revolver, the case attached to a belt around his waist; he made a step back, drew his revolver, and began firing. If I remember correctly, the first shot struck Colonel Cornyn in the thigh, broke the bone, passed through, and dropped on the floor. Colonel Cornyn attempted to draw his revolver, but it was under his blouse, and he did not get hold of it. He staggered back toward the court-room door, with Bowen following him up and firing as fast as he could, shooting him five times. The court-room door was opened and one of the members pulled Cornyn through and he fell inside the room, Bowen shooting him once after he fell inside the court-room. He died in about five minutes.*

Bowen was placed under arrest and I think taken to Memphis, where some months afterward he was tried by a military court and acquitted. General Grant, however, disapproved the proceedings.

It seemed to me to be a case of deliberate murder, and was so regarded by nearly every one present.

* Col. Cornyn was originally from Ohio, his widowed mother living at Zanesville at the time of his death. He was brave and daring to a fault, impulsive, generous, but quickly resentful. — W. H. C.

VOTING IN THE ARMY.

I returned to the regiment at Pocahontas soon after this event. Early in October we were on a march after the rebels. We marched some distance beyond Grand Junction. There being a State election in Ohio, and her soldiers in the field being allowed to vote, we stopped at Grand Junction or La Grange to vote. John Brough (Republican) and Clement L. Vallandigham (Democrat) were the candidates of their respective parties for the office of Governor. The feeling in the army was intense against Vallandigham. Each company elected its own judges and clerks, and the vote was by companies. When the vote of Company C was counted it was found to be unanimous for Brough; and though Democrats and Republicans were enrolled in Company C, they rejoiced over this solid vote for Brough almost as much as they did over the victories of Corinth and Shiloh.

TO MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

We returned to Pocahontas, and were soon after armed with the new Springfield rifle, with which the whole division was being armed. We received marching orders, and the last week in October, 1863, we started on a long march eastward. The Army of the Tennessee was now moving from the Mississippi, destined for Chattanooga to help relieve the Army of the Cumberland, hemmed in at Chattanooga by the rebel army under Bragg.

We marched by way of Corinth and Glendale, and headed for Eastport, on the Tennessee, near where the States of Mississippi and Alabama line up on the State of Tennessee. With the country within a radius of thirty miles of Corinth, Mississippi, we had become familiar; we had occupied it for many months. The 81st had tramped over it in every direction from Corinth, had cut down acres of its forest trees, had spaded up immense quantities of its soil to form fortifications for the protection of its garrison, and had borne honorable part in numerous skirmishes and in two bloody battles. The graves of its gallant dead were at Shiloh, Monterey, Corinth, and Pocahontas; as soldiers we bade them adieu forever.

We crossed the Tennessee at Eastport, and marched through the counties of Alabama that lie north of the Tennessee. The head of

the column of the 2d division deflected from the route leading to Chattanooga and marched for Pulaski, the county seat of Giles County, Middle Tennessee. We were encumbered with a large wagon train, as a train requisite to carry supplies for a division would be.

A GUERILLA ATTACK.

Our march was unobstructed by the rebels or guerillas except upon one occasion. One day, while on the march through Lauderdale County, Alabama, the road ran along at the base of a succession of hills on our left, and an extensive swamp on the right, with now and then a bushy ravine leading down to the swamp. The cavalry were on the roads to the right and left, or far in advance, I don't know which. The train-guards marched at regular intervals on each side of the wagons. A portion of the 81st was rear-guard that day, Company C being a part. There was some noise and confusion ahead, and the train stopped suddenly. We were ordered to "double-quick" to where the trouble seemed to be. We pushed forward as fast as possible for a fourth of a mile until we came to where a cabin was burning, and here was where the trouble had been. Here stood several wagons with no teams attached to them. A squad of rebel cavalry or guerillas had come down the ravine, stopped the train of wagons, scattered the teamsters, unhitched the mules, and departed in haste up the ravine with them. When we arrived they were out of sight and out of range of our guns. It was no use to attempt to follow with infantry. If the cavalry had been close at hand we might have recaptured our mules. By lessening the teams enough mules were procured to hitch to the abandoned wagons, and we soon marched on.

TOO GOOD LIVING.

We encamped one night in a region abounding in swine and sweet potatoes. We encamped early enough for the men to supply themselves plentifully with these coveted articles of food. One of the comrades of Company C, a great lover of sweet potatoes, rather overdid the thing, and the regimental physician had to be called

before morning. The circumstances attending the case were so amusing that the comrade who was the occasion of the merriment joined in the laugh the next day when he had sufficiently recovered to do so.

WINTER QUARTERS AT PULASKI.

We reached Pulaski during the second week in November, and encamped on a steep hillside about three-fourths of a mile north of the town, and near the turnpike leading to Nashville, which is about one hundred miles north of Pulaski. Here we prepared to go into winter quarters. Company A was sent to Wales, about four miles from Pulaski; five other companies—B, E, F, G, and K—were sent under command of Major Evans to Sam's Mills, some distance northeast of Pulaski. In a short time three of the above-named companies were ordered to Nance's Mills, near a little town called Cornersville. Headquarters of the regiment remained at Pulaski with the four companies left there.

This was a splendid arrangement, as these mills were kept running, and kept General Dodge's command well supplied with flour, while the farmers of that part of the country were paid a fair price for their grain provided they brought it in voluntarily.

I think the 2d division occupied several points on the railroad, extending from Pulaski, Tennessee, to Athens, Alabama. Our tents arrived in a few days, and we prepared similar quarters to those we had built at Corinth. The winter of 1863–4 was a severe one; the citizens of Pulaski stated that it was the coldest that they had known for many years, consequently picket-duty was severe around the encampments in this part of Tennessee.

With the battle of Chattanooga and the driving of Longstreet from the vicinity of Knoxville towards Virginia, the campaign of 1863 ceased—I mean active military operations in the Southwest—and the armies all went into winter quarters. There was considerable raiding done by the cavalry of both armies, but no general movements were made.*

* It was at this time that Gen. Dodge's command performed such fine service in repairing the road from Nashville to Decatur, Alabama, as to win the marked approval of Gen. Grant, as appears in his book. — W. H. C.

VETERANS.

The great armies settled down in their camps. Recruiting for the army went on. Great inducements in the shape of large bounties were offered by the General Government in order to influence the men in the field to re-enlist for "three years or during the war." The General Government was eminently successful, and great numbers of the men who had served over two years re-enlisted. They were given furloughs as promised, went home and had a "good time," and returned to their commands before the great campaigns of 1864 had begun. The 81st could not re-enlist as a veteran regiment because the men who came to us in October, 1862, had not been long enough in the service; about one-half of the old companies re-enlisted.

COTTON TRANSACTIONS.

Early in March, 1864, that portion of the 81st which had wintered at Pulaski and a portion of the companies at the Mills, were ordered to occupy Lynnville, a little town a few miles north of Pulaski. Captain W H. Chamberlin was appointed provost-marshal of this town. I occupied the position of clerk in his office, which was located in a large room in a frame house standing close to the turnpike that led to Nashville. Our principal duty was to collect the tax of five dollars imposed on each bale of cotton passing through on its way to Nashville. Some months previously there had been a general order emanating from the head of the Confederate Government, to burn all the cotton likely to fall into the hands of the Yankees, but the raisers of cotton in Middle Tennessee had not heeded the edict of Jefferson Davis, but had hidden their cotton in the woods, had hauled it to "out-of-the-way" places, covered it over with brush, and in every conceivable way that their ingenuity could invent had baffled the Confederate cavalry and other parties authorized to hunt for cotton and destroy it. When General Dodge's command marched into and occupied this part of the State of Tennessee the natives concluded that they would haul their concealed cotton to Nashville, where they could get a large price for it, our government permitting them to do so on condition that they

pay its agents five dollars tax on each bale. They could get one dollar per pound for it in Nashville, so that bales of cotton would bring some three hundred dollars and some five hundred dollars per bale. It was my understanding that this cotton-tax went into the government secret service fund.

FARMING.

On the 19th of April the 81st marched from Lynnville to Pulaski, and in a day or two was ordered from there to Martin's Plantation, about seven miles distant. The boys said that it was the intention to put us to farming, but we had barely got started in the agricultural line when we got orders to return to Pulaski.

Uncle Sam had a very large farm, but was still having some difficulty with his tenants. A lot of them, with Jeff. Davis at their head, had laid claim to the southern half of his possessions, and although we had ejected the lawless tenants from about one-half of his southern property, the tenants on the remaining half were as lawless as ever. So during the winter of 1863–4 Uncle Sam had been arranging and preparing to clear his whole southern domain of lawless tenants. Therefore on April 26th, 1863, we marched from Martin's Plantation to Pulaski.

EXECUTIONS.

A sergeant belonging to the 7th Iowa Infantry, who had killed his captain at Corinth a year before, and who had been tried and condemned to be hanged, was executed at Pulaski, the troops all being called out to witness the execution.

A rebel spy was taken at Pulaski, tried, and found guilty. He was hanged on the same scaffold on which the sergeant of the Union army had been executed. The spy met his death bravely. He was quite a young man, did not look to be over twenty-one years of age. A report was current that the rebel cavalry had planned to make a dash into Pulaski on the day of his execution and rescue him if possible, but nothing of the kind was attempted. There were troops enough drawn up around the scaffold to have made it interesting for a large number of Confederate cavalry.

While at Corinth in the summer of 1863, and while the 81st was at Pocahontas, I witnessed the execution of a deserter. He was a Southern man, and belonged to a regiment of Union cavalry in which there were a good many Alabamians. He deserted. The first time nothing was done with him. He deserted a second time, taking with him his horse, carbine, and equipments. He was recaptured by our cavalry south of Corinth, near Rienzi; was tried, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was carried into execution on a certain day, and the garrison at Corinth was called out to witness it. The scene of the execution was a large open space southeast of the town. The infantry was placed in line on the west, the cavalry on the south, and the artillery on the north, the east clear. The procession, consisting of the doomed man, a chaplain, a band of music, and firing-party, started at the southeast end of the line and passed entirely around in front of the whole line, the band playing the dead march. The procession then passed to the centre, where the deserter's coffin was placed on the ground and he sat down upon it, facing west. The "firing-party" took its station in front of him, a few paces distant. A white bandage was fastened over his eyes. The officer in charge gave the necessary commands, and the poor deserter fell beside his coffin with five bullets in his breast. It was stated at the time that this was the first military execution of the kind in the department.

TOWARD GEORGIA.

Comrades of Company C and the 81st, a great movement is about to begin. Heavily laden trains on the railroads are moving toward Chattanooga. The camps are all astir; along the valleys and on the hills of Tennessee the bugles are sounding, and the Armies of the West are concentrating. Exciting events are at hand.

On the 29th of April, 1864, the 2d brigade of the 2d division, Army of the Tennessee, started from Pulaski on the grand campaign against Atlanta. This is the campaign which, with a similar one in the east, is to settle the fate of the so-called Southern Confederacy.

The Confederate Government had during the winter and spring of 1864 done its utmost to augment its armies. A merciless con-

scription had placed in its ranks all the available men that could be found. Volunteering under the Stars and Bars had about ceased, and no difference with what ardor and enthusiasm the volunteers had flocked to the standards of the Confederacy during the first year of the war, there now seemed to be a great reluctance about accepting the chances of the "last ditch."

Notwithstanding all this, when the campaigns east and west began in May, 1864, the armies of Lee and Johnston were formidable in numbers and material, and many thought were able to ward off the gigantic blows that Grant and Sherman were preparing to strike. Along the Rapidan Grant is massing his hosts of blue-coats, getting them in hand so that the first week in May he can cross the Rapidan and hurl them against the veteran legions of Robert E. Lee, the hope of the Confederacy in the east. Along the Chickamauga in Northern Georgia the untiring Sherman is marshalling the armies of the west, to move them against the chieftain who is second to none, — Joseph E. Johnston, the hope of the Confederacy in the west.

To be on the ground of the great rendezvous in time, the 2d division moves on the 29th. Towards Chattanooga the heads of columns move. On the second day's march from Pulaski Elk River is reached, and Company C, carrying its garments as at Bear Creek, Alabama, one year ago, steps in, and in due time emerges from the cool and healthy waters of Elk River, and pushes on in the great campaign.

Bivouacking not far from Elk River, and getting ready by degrees for camping without shelter, we move on towards Huntsville, which we reach on May 1st, and discover it to be the prettiest town we had seen in the South.

From Huntsville our march was partly along the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Reaching Larkinsville, the 81st, with a large number of troops, boarded the trains and rode to Chattanooga,— the last ride that it took for many, many months. There is a railway from Chattanooga to Atlanta, but the 81st walked; there are railways from Atlanta to the sea, but the 81st didn't ride; there are railways from Savannah through South and North Carolina on through Virginia to the capital of the United States, but the 81st Ohio Volunteer Infantry walked, keeping step to the music of the Union!

INTO GEORGIA.

Beneath the shadow of Lookout,
Beside the Tennessee we rested;
From there we took the Southern route,
Which Johnston with his host contested.
The Stars and Bars at Rocky-Face
And Buzzard Roost were gayly flying;
We to the right, at flanking pace,
To reach the rebel rear were trying.

Arriving at Chattanooga, the 81st encamped and slept at the base of Lookout Mountain, and next morning, May 5th, with banners pointing southward, we marched through Lookout Valley, our eyes for a time resting on scenes made immortal by the bravery of Union soldiers, for here is Lookout on our right, and Mission Ridge on our left. Along the road were the scarred trees which carry the mind back to those November days when our gallant boys in blue, under the command of that grand soldier, General Thomas, made this a bloody pathway for the "men in gray."

We halted at Rossville, five miles from Chattanooga, long enough to fill our canteens from a big spring that gushes out from among the rocks. The spring is all that we saw of Rossville.

The rebel army lay behind the barriers of Rocky Face and Buzzard Roost with Dalton in its immediate rear.

A word here in reference to the force intended to operate against Atlanta. The army that General Sherman led down through Georgia consisted of the Army of the Cumberland, three corps—4th, 14th, and 20th—under General Thomas; Army of the Tennessee, three corps—15th, 16th, and 17th—under General J. B. McPherson; the Army of the Ohio, one corps—23d—under General Schofield; aggregating in all nearly one hundred thousand men.* It will be remembered that a portion of the 16th army corps was with Banks, on the Red River expedition. The part with General G. M. Dodge as commander on the Atlanta campaign was known as the left wing of the 16th army corps.

* This estimate is a very liberal one. Gen. Sherman did not have at any time an effective force at all approaching 100,000 men. — W. H. C.

THE FIRST FLANKING.

The Armies of the Cumberland and of the Ohio menaced the rebel army at these two places, while the Army of the Tennessee passed to the right and entered the mountain ranges at Ship's Gap on the evening of the 8th of May. We marched to within a mile of the southern outlet, known as Snake Creek Gap, and bivouacked in the narrow pass. Early on the morning of the 9th of May comrades of Company C will remember that they were getting their coffee ready when firing was heard at the south end of the pass, and some of Kilpatrick's cavalry came back in a hurry, two or three wounded men among them. The long roll rolled out of the drums and the men were commanded to "fall in immediately," there must be no delay! How we did try to swallow that hot coffee! how it *did* burn on its way down! It was an amusing sight to see some of the comrades of Company C after they were in the ranks blowing that coffee to cool it so that it would not take off all the skin on its way down! The result was that most of that hastily-made coffee was thrown on the ground, and Company C with the 81st hurried to the mouth of Snake Creek Gap. The knapsacks were piled by companies before reaching the mouth of the Gap.

TO RESACA.

The rebels began falling back towards Resaca. Resaca, a little hamlet on the Oostenaula River, is six miles east of Snake Creek Gap. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before we came in sight of the earthworks around Resaca. We imagine that no one counted how many times we were thrown into line of battle, but it was a number of times. The bushes were so thick that at times one could not see the third man from him. We have an idea that we tore our clothes pretty badly on that day!

When we neared Resaca Companies B and C were sent forward as skirmishers. Our skirmishers were commanded by Captain Chamberlin, and he followed his line, keeping in the centre or near it, so as to communicate readily with either wing. He placed me on his left with instructions to keep him informed as to the movement and location of the skirmishers, to tell them to keep themselves covered

as much as possible, and to advance slowly. We reached the summit of a long ridge covered with timber and undergrowth. We moved about half-way down the eastern side of this ridge, and opened up a brisk fire on the rebels posted behind the dead trees in the narrow valley that intervened between us and the rebel breastworks constructed on the side of the ridge in our front, and which ran correspondingly with the one occupied by our skirmishers. The dead trees stood thick in the valley, and puffs of smoke seemed to rise from behind every one of them. Passing towards the left of our line I stopped where two of our men were firing, protected by a tree and some bushes. One of them called my attention to a body of rebel troops marching from the direction of Resaca over the high grounds toward us. They were marching as usual, four-abreast. We all fired at the same instant into the head of the column. They broke ranks, spreading out right and left, and ran toward us, passed quickly down the side of the ridge, and entered the breastworks, where they were protected from our bullets. I saw two other bodies of men in gray coming from the same direction and marching in the same manner as the first, re-enforcing their lines farther to the left. I heard an exclamation of pain, as I thought coming from the line of Company B. Corporal Thomas D. Crosley was shot in the head by one of the rebel sharpshooters, and he was the first man killed in the Army of the Tennessee on the Atlanta campaign. The Union line of battle was formed and lay just at the top of the ridge, concealed from view. It was the intention to move forward and attack the rebel works at half-past four, but, for reasons best known to General McPherson, the attack was not made.*

From the loud rumbling noise made by the trains, and the unusual shrieking of the locomotives on the road between Dalton and Resaca, I have not the least doubt but that the garrison at Resaca was heavily re-enforced on the afternoon of the ninth of May by troops from Dalton, and I am further confirmed by the bodies of troops seen marching out from the direction of Resaca to the works in our front.

* Gen. Sherman is said to have told Gen. McPherson that he missed the opportunity of a lifetime by not capturing Resaca; but no punishment was inflicted on our gallant commander, and the opinion of the opposing general tends to confirm the wisdom of Gen. McPherson's action. — W. H. C.

RETURN TO THE GAP.

Companies B and C lay on the side of the ridge until after dark. The other troops had been ordered to return to the mouth of the Gap, and they moved before dark. The firing had ceased as if by mutual consent, and when it grew dark the skirmishers moved quietly back to the top of the ridge, and, setting fire to the logs and stumps and dry material for the purpose of making the enemy believe we intended staying there, we hastily marched back to the Gap, where we arrived about eleven o'clock, p. m.

During the succeeding four days considerable fortifying was done at the mouth of the Gap. The 81st moved out about a mile on a road that led south toward the Oostenaula river. During the following two or three days the troops began arriving through the Gap and encamping in the valley, — principally of the Army of the Cumberland.

Johnston had fallen back from Dalton on the line of the railroad, and his army was assembled in and around Resaca. It was said that a portion of the works around Resaca looked as if they had been built a long time, and in a manner indicating that the rebel military authorities had apprehended just such a movement as was now being made.

A FALSE ALARM.

As before stated the 81st was encamped some distance out from the Gap, and one dark and rainy night about midnight, a squad of cavalry came dashing in and reported that the rebels were moving in force, and not far away. The orders were to fall back without delay towards the Gap. It was raining steadily, but the men had stretched their gum blankets over the shrubs which had been skilfully bent for the purpose, and were sleeping comfortably. Captain Chamberlin had told some of us to be careful and awaken all the men. Comrade Henness will remember how I put my head into his gum-covered bower and in fear-exciting tones told him that "Joe Johnston with all his force is moving on us;" and he will also remember the unceremonious manner of his coming out of that bower and wanting to know where Johnston was!

The 81st moved back towards the mouth of the Gap, and Company C staid to skirmish with the rebel advance, but they did not come.*

THE ARMY CONCENTRATED.

On the evening of the 12th, a portion of the 14th army corps came through the Gap. Among the Ohio regiments that came through was the 69th, in which was a company, or nearly so, from Oxford, Ohio, and among them was my brother James, whom I had not seen since the 19th of September, 1861. The next morning I found the 69th on some high ground, overlooking Sugar Valley, and had the satisfaction of a few minutes' conversation with my brother, and of shaking hands with some comrades from my native town.

It was a grand sight on that morning of the 13th of May, 1864, to look down from that high ground on that numerous host of veteran volunteers preparing to move against the foe. Here were regiments, brigades, divisions and army corps. As far up the mountain pass as we can see are armed men ! Here at the foot of this mountain spur, where the road winds around it, are batteries of artillery stretched out, gun after gun, till the view is lost amid the bushes and trees. Horses all hitched, riders mounted, awaiting the signal to start. Dozens of regiments are falling in, "slinging knapsacks" and "taking arms."

The star of the 20th corps is fluttering in the valley south of where we stand, and 15,000 veterans from the east are here before us. To the right, and looking across the mouth of the widening gap, are the tattered flags of the Army of the Tennessee, the survivors of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, the men who placed those tattered flags on the heights of Vicksburg. Yonder is a part of the great Army of the Cumberland, the men of Stone River and bloody Chickamauga. Squads of cavalry are moving here and there ; bugles are sounding, and the Army of the Union is moving. Acres of

* This was but one of many cases where soldiers had to endure much discomfort from what afterward proved to be false information. To be awakened in the middle of a dark and rainy night, fall in, and march to a new position, caused less complaint then than its recollection now would seem to warrant. — W. H. C.

dense undergrowth cover the hills and valleys betwixt here and Resaca, through which intersecting roads are cut. How is this immense host going to get there with an enemy on all the roads, prepared to dispute the advance? To look down on this mass of men mixed up with horsemen galloping back and forth, guns with six and eight horses attached, some moving to the right, and some to the left; regiments filing past the artillery; superior officers giving commands, subordinates repeating the same; one would say, here is confusion, who can bring order out of this seemingly inextricable mass? But there is no confusion here; here is order itself; and if things should get into a tangle this army believes that "Uncle Billy" can untangle it.

A portion of the army followed Johnston down along the railway from Dalton, the 23d army corps forming a portion of that force. The heads of columns are moving from Snake Creek Gap; these forces will connect two or three miles northwest of Resaca and then close in.

BATTLE OF RESACA.

Boom! that's the first gun! and now for three days there will be music among these "wild hills." One hundred and seventy thousand foemen are going to dispute for the mastery of this broken, forest-tangled part of the country.

Two great captains. One with his tried and veteran legions stationed behind systematically constructed lines of earthworks built — some of them — months before; works that run along near the summits of hills and ridges, and sometimes crowning the summits with batteries of artillery placed in advantageous positions; with inner lines constructed so as to sweep those in front; a position strong by nature for defence, but which engineering skill and the spade have made a great deal stronger. Here the rebel army, on its chosen ground, under its greatest captain, awaits the oncoming of the Union army The other captain, with confidence in himself, and knowing the quality of the men he commands, believing sincerely in the justice of his cause, moves promptly but cautiously on this stronghold.

The first day's operations began with a general advance of the

whole Union army, sharp fighting at certain points all along the converging lines, and ended in the forcing back of the Confederates to their fortified lines.

The 2d division moved on the right and close to the Oostenaula, and on the second day, as the lines were slowly advancing, the 2d brigade was withdrawn, as there was serious work for it in another direction.

CROSSING THE OOSTENAULA.

General McPherson was directed to lay a pontoon bridge across the Oostenaula river in order to permit an attack on the enemy's left and rear. For this work were selected the 9th Illinois, the 66th Illinois sharpshooters, and the 81st Ohio; and with a pontoon train following in charge of an Indiana regiment, we moved down the valley of the Oostenaula to Lay's Ferry, several miles below Resaca. The approaches to the ferry were covered by Confederate cannon, so that the pontoon boats had to be unloaded from the wagons nearly a mile from the river, and were then loaded on the shoulders of the Indianians having charge of the pontoon train. The pontoon boats were wooden skeletons covered with thick canvas impervious to water, and capable of floating with ten or twelve men. The boats were placed on the men's shoulders, the men walking close enough so as not to interfere in the step.

All being ready the novel procession moved, following the meanderings of Snake Creek, a tributary of the Oostenaula, treated at short intervals to a shot or shell from the rebel guns beyond the river, as they occasionally got a glimpse of the "muslin ships" bearing down on them. We followed the windings of the little creek in order that the banks might partially screen us from observation. When we had reached a point about four hundred yards from the river, the head of the column turned to the right and marched immediately from the creek until the rear of the column reached the point where the head left the creek; then, facing to the left and raising the "Western yell," the 2d brigade went like a roaring tornado down through a field of old cornstalks to the Oostenaula. Company C and comrades of the 81st, do you remember anything anywhere that sounded like the cracking of those brittle

old dead cornstalks as that blue line swept over them? I never heard anything like it, and would like to know the thoughts of those gray-jackets that lay crouched all along amid the bushes and logs on the opposite bank of the Oostenaula as that cornstalk-cracking line was sweeping down on them.

The line reached the bank of the river and, dropping down behind a low fence (rail fence), began a musketry-fire that in our opinion was never excelled for rapidity by a similar number of men. The 66th Illinois was armed with the sixteen-shooters, and well they knew how to use them. While this was going on the pontoon boats were being launched in Snake Creek, a short distance in the rear of our line. The Oostenaula at this point runs quite rapidly, backing up the waters of Snake Creek for some distance, and making it available to use the pontoon boats. When the boats were launched in the creek and everything in readiness, two companies were ordered to fill them and row across and drive the rebels back. It fell to the lot of Company C and a company of the 66th Illinois sharpshooters, all under the command of Captain W H. Chamberlin.*

While the firing is kept up to divert the attention of the enemy, Company C and the sharpshooters man the pontoons and the pontoniers begin moving them slowly towards the mouth of the creek, but a few yards distant. The evening winds bring to our ears the crash and roar of the great battle raging a few miles up the river, and while our comrades there "storm the wild hills of Resaca," the men designated for the business row across, leap out, and deploy along the river's edge. "Fix bayonets!" and at the word of their commander, Captain Chamberlin, the men ascended the bank and drove the gray-jackets pell-mell before them through the woods to the distance of three or four hundred yards. Eighty or ninety men participated in this charge, and they brought back to the river about sixty rebels whom they overtook and compelled to surrender. The

*Company B of the 81st Ohio also made this crossing. A platoon of that company, under Lieut. Geo. W. Dixon, was in the first boat; the next boat contained Capt. Hays and a part of Company I, 66th Illinois; the third, Capt. Chamberlin and a part of Company C, 81st Ohio; closely following these came the fourth and fifth boats, bearing the remainder of Companies B and C, under Lieuts. Miller and Irion. — W. H. C.

rebels followed us back to the river, but by the time we reached there the pontoon boats had brought over as many as crossed at first, and, charging them again, cleared the woods of them in our front.

INCIDENTS.

In the boat in which we crossed the pontonier by whom I was standing suddenly dropped his oar and sat still, and the boat swung around and began going down the river. I said to him, "Why don't you row? don't you see we're going down stream?" He looked up with an expression of pain in his face, and said, "I can't row, I'm shot." I looked and saw that the ball had struck him in the back, and passed entirely through his breast. One of our boys who knew how to row laid down his gun, took the wounded man's oar, righted the boat, and we landed a short distance below the others.

Comrade D. Y. Lyttle, on falling back from the charge, brought back five or six rebels, one of them a lieutenant. When he got back to the river with them he said, "Here, captain, is a whole flock of 'em;" but the brave fellow was not so fortunate on the next charge. Pushing forward impetuously, he passed a bend in the river, and out from this bend came a number of rebels hastening to make their escape. Comrade Lyttle was in their way, and they took him along with them! The result was that he became an inmate of Andersonville, and also of Salisbury, North Carolina; and the story of his escapes, recaptures, and adventures for the next year would fill a good sized volume.

Surgeon W. C. Jacobs did good work at the Oostenaula, following up the line with his ambulance-corps, being as much exposed to the bullets of the enemy as though he had been in command of a company. It was a blessed work for the gallant surgeon and those acting under his direction to thus humanely care for the wounded almost as soon as they fell; and after that day's daring devotion to duty no soldier of the 81st could be found who was not proud of its brave young surgeon.

Having driven the Confederates away from the river, our men recrossed and encamped. In the crossing of the Oostenaula several

men were killed and wounded. The losses in Company C were—killed, John Wiley; wounded, John McAlpin; taken prisoner, D. Y Lyttle. I cannot give the losses of the 66th.

ROME CROSS-ROADS.

The next day a pontoon-bridge was laid at the ferry, two or three hundred yards above the mouth of Snake Creek, and the troops crossed in considerable numbers. Several regiments crossed and moved to the right into the timber. The 81st crossed and, turning to the left, took position along the river-bank, its right resting near the road. The rebels, principally Wheeler's cavalry, were fortified about one-fourth of a mile from the river; a large brick house in our front was filled with their sharpshooters. They were dislodged by a single shot from Walker's battery, stationed on the other side of the river. The rebels demonstrated as though they would charge the 81st across the open field in our front. Sergeant John A. Wilson, Company C, who carried the flag of the 81st, noticing the threatening movement of the rebels, stepped forward and waved the flag defiantly at them. A moment later a rebel bullet entered his leg just below the knee. He was immediately carried across the river on a stretcher and his service in the army was over, as he did not get well enough to rejoin the regiment until his time had expired. "Farewell, tried and trusty John;" it was a splendid shot from a rebel point of view, but it deprived us of one of our best men.

Two or three of the regiments which turned to the right into the timber soon emerged therefrom in the open ground near the rebel position. The rebels opened on them with spirit, but the gallant fellows just walked right on at them, cracking away; they never stopped until they had driven the enemy out of sight.

A march of two hours would place our force on the enemy's line of retreat. Johnston was retreating from Resaca.

We marched from the Oostenaula eastward to take the enemy in flank, and mayhap capture a part of his train. Reaching a point where two roads intersected about one o'clock in the afternoon, our skirmishers became engaged. Gen. Dodge placed the three brigades

in position, the 2d brigade on the right; the 4th division had not yet come up. It was said that the rebel trains were in sight, moving south about a mile away, and of course in advance of their main army. It was soon discovered that Walker's and Cleburne's divisions of the rebel army were interposed between our advance and their wagon-train.

Our line of battle was quickly formed, facing northeast. We moved forward a short distance with a heavy line of skirmishers. A spirited fight was opened and kept up by the opposing skirmish lines. Reports came of a heavy force of rebels in our front, which the heavy undergrowth prevented our seeing.

Our troops were fast arriving on the ground, and there was promise of a bloody battle. General Dodge sat on his horse in rear of the line; General McPherson had ridden up, and stopped immediately in the rear of Company C, and he sat intently listening to the increasing skirmish-fire. Suddenly the rebel yell was raised on our right flank, and from the south, through the thick timber and bushes, a long rebel line was swiftly approaching, their yelling telling us that they were not more than two hundred yards away. A sergeant at my right, looking southward, exclaimed, "My God, they're flankin' us!" General McPherson leaned forward and, looking down at the sergeant with a smile on his face, said, "What's that you say, my boy?" The sergeant, looking at the general in great earnestness, said, "Why, general, they're flankin' us!" General McPherson turned towards General Dodge and said, "General, you must refuse your right, you know." Our right was thrown back, and, facing south, confronted the advancing rebel line. The order to charge was given, the "western yell" was raised, and our line started to meet them. It meant the using of cold steel in a very short space of time, but the Carolinians coming with such sound and fury concluded to postpone the bayonet until a more convenient and propitious time arrived, began retracing their steps in haste, and ceased yelling entirely.

Bang! bang! bang! crack! crack! bang! back they go, boys; back they go; and through the woods, over the ravines and gullies, tearing through the bushes pell-mell, dashes this brigade of South Carolinians, closely followed by a few hundred blue-coats from Ohio

and Illinois. I stopped to load close by a comrade of Company C, Noble B. Caldwell, who was engaged in the same laudable business; a few feet away lay a wounded rebel, earnestly begging Comrade Caldwell to help him back to the rear. Caldwell gazed at his wounded foe and replied, "Why didn't you come in our lines before you got shot?" and on he went to try and put another in the same condition.

We followed them until we came to a field which seemed to be surrounded with timber on all sides. The rebels were two-thirds of the way across; some were running to the left into the woods, some to the right into the woods, a few seemed determined to come back towards our line, but the greater part were going south for the cover of the woods. A few shots from our line caused them to move faster.

We were ordered to return, and when we got back to the starting-point of our charge it was nearly night. Here a grand sight presented itself. The 15th army corps had come up, and had formed for battle. Long lines of blue stretched along the edge of the timber, batteries in position, the gunners standing by their guns, flags waving among the bushes, showing where lines were formed, all ready for the coming of the foe, made it a sight to be remembered. But the enemy was retreating.

CHIVALRY DOESN'T WANT TO DIE.

We went into camp here, built fires, and over our crackers, meat, and coffee we discussed "the battle of Rome Cross-Roads." Comrade Sayre (Asbury)—who sleeps in his soldier-grave near Columbia, South Carolina—created amusement around the camp-fire with his descriptions of the South Carolina chivalry Among other things he said, "I used to read about the chivalry; I thought it was a pure article, especially the South Carolina chivalry; but, boys, didn't you see 'em down there in that field running here, and there, and everywhere but toward us? Pshaw! they don't want to die any more than I do!"

LOSSES.

It was at this fight at Rome Cross-Roads that the impetuous Cap-

tain George A. Taylor lost his life. He will be remembered by many of the 81st as being with us at Benton Barracks and at Hermann. He had a difficulty with Lieut.-Colonel Turley at Hermann and left the 81st, raised a company, and joined the 66th Illinois. He was with a portion of his company pursuing a body of rebel skirmishers, when he was shot through the head by a party in ambush.

Colonel Burke, who had command of the brigade, was badly wounded in this fight, and in consequence of it Lieut.-Colonel Adams succeeded to the command of the brigade, and Major Frank Evans took command of the 81st. Colonel Burke soon after died from this wound.

PURSUIT.

From Rome Cross-Roads we moved on southward after the retreating rebels. The roads were full of long lines of marching bluecoats, artillery, and wagon-trains. The "restless and untiring" Sherman had infused his wonderful energy into this army, and it moved forward with a confidence in its great commander that nothing could shake or impair.

Reaching Kingston we encamped on the north side of the town and remained there three days. The trains came up and we drew new clothing, fitted ourselves with good shoes, which are an important part of a soldier's outfit, and made ourselves ready generally for continuing the pursuit of the rebel army.

We received orders to move on the morning of the 23d of May, but it was night before we started, and then we found ourselves in the rear of a wagon-train. Oh, the perplexities of a night march after a train of wagons! I believe that this did not happen to us again on the campaign. We crossed the Etowah river about midnight. As a rule during the war every river that we crossed we had to fight for the privilege, but we crossed the Etowah on this road in peace. I think that one division or one brigade of the 16th army corps marched by way of Rome. The 2d division left Rome to the right.

We were now flanking the Allatoonas. If we had attempted to force our way through them, and had persisted in the attempt, I

have not much doubt but that the bulletins from the army would still read,

"CAMP NEAR THE ALLATOONA PASS,
GEORGIA, October 28, 1887."

DALLAS.

But we passed to the right of that natural fortification, and after several marches we came out of the woods one evening in May—about the 25th—into the town of Dallas, the county seat of Paulding County.

The 15th army corps arrived at the same time, also a division of the 14th corps under Jeff. C. Davis. We marched through the town, entered the woods on the southeast, and stacked arms, it being near sundown. The citizens were asked, "Is the rebel army anywhere about here?"

"No, there was a regiment of cavalry passed through here this morning; that's all we've seen."

We began building fires and preparing rations for supper; and, noticing hogs running at large in the woods, some of the men took their guns from the stacks in order to have some fresh pork for supper. We thought to pass a restful night here, but it was all a delusion. Only a few hundred yards away were the pickets and outposts of the rebel army. Our men hunting for pigs were fired on, and they had to quit hunting pigs and go gunning for bigger game. Under arms we moved forward, and, if our memory is not at fault, we built a slight breastwork and lay down behind it.

Comrades of the 81st cannot help remembering the exciting times we had around Dallas for about four days and nights. It was almost a continuous fight day and night. The lines were advanced on the first day, skirmish-lines were driven back, and works commenced on different parts of the long line, to be abandoned and a position nearer the enemy's works secured.

A great part of the country around Dallas is covered with timber and a dense undergrowth, and into these dark forests the lines were pushed, and hundreds of gray-jackets and hundreds of blue-coats were in front of their respective commands using the trees as a cover, and from behind them were sending forth leaden messengers

intended to put somebody out of the way if they happened to get in the way.

The 15th corps occupied the extreme right, the 16th corps next on the left, the 14th corps next, and the remaining corps in regular order, extending for many miles through forest, along the edges of fields, along the valleys of creeks, over hills, confronting a similar line held by the army of Joe Johnston.

On May 28th the enemy charged in front of the 2d division and were badly beaten in the encounter. The rebels were concentrating their efforts against the 2d Iowa and the 66th Indiana. These regiments, aided by Battery H, 1st Missouri Light Artillery, succeeded in beating the enemy back and inflicting a heavy loss on them, while our loss was comparatively small. Sixty-three dead rebels were counted in our front the next day. While the fight was raging the 81st hurried from its position in reserve to take part if needed. The regiments attacked proved themselves amply able to hold their position and repulse the enemy, which they did handsomely. Company C in the movement had to pass through a garden where stood a little frame house. A woman with two little girls stood by the side of the house. The noise of the battle raging down in the woods five hundred yards away sounded frightful to them, and fear and anxiety shone in their faces. As I passed the corner of the house the woman pleadingly asked, "Please, sir, where had we better go?" I told her to remain behind her house, and that no harm would come to them. I shall never forget how kindly those two little girls looked at me, as though I had done them a real favor.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It seemed as though we had marched too fast and had got too far from the railroad and the left of the army, and that a movement to the left was a necessity. We found the rebels occupying a strong position at Dallas, from which it would be hard work to dislodge them. I think it was on the afternoon of the 29th that there seemed to be an unusual stir among the troops in our vicinity. We were ordered to "pile knapsacks" a short distance in rear of our line of works, and the men in Company C were told that if they wished to write a few lines they could do so. I do not know from whom this

order came, or whether it came from anyone, or whether the same was given out among the other companies. It was whispered that we were going to assault the works in our front. An air of mystery prevailed in regard to what was going on that we were unable to fathom. In brief, the 2d brigade was to storm the enemy's works in our front, the 66th Illinois in advance as skirmishers, the 81st as storming column, and the 9th Illinois as support. It was the talk in the ranks that General Sweeny had ordered this movement on his own responsibility, and many bitter words were used against him. The movement began. The 66th Illinois crossed the works and advanced. The 81st had been formed, and clambered over the works as best they could. Our line of works was full of troops, and we crowded among them, and with their help passed over. The 66th were already driving the rebel skirmishers before them, and the 81st advanced some distance down through the woods when the order to halt was given. After waiting a short time in expectation of the order to advance, the command was given to "about face" and move back, which was promptly done. The following explanation was given:

General Dodge had ordered General Sweeny to make a demonstration in his front to learn something of the strength of the enemy, not contemplating an assault. But General Sweeny, anxious to distinguish himself, intended with the 2d brigade to storm the works in his front; and we would have made the attempt, but General Dodge, learning of what was going on, stopped the rash movement.

A NIGHT ASSAULT.

The order to march had been issued, some of the artillery had been withdrawn from the line. It had been muffled, so as to prevent the Confederates from hearing the well-known sounds made by artillery moving. It was midnight, and we were lying behind the works with our knapsacks on, expecting every moment to hear the command "Fall in!" All at once rapid firing began on the picket-line in our front. We sprang up and stepped into the trench and cocked our guns. Our pickets came dashing in, saying, "Boys, they're comin'!"

"Are the pickets all in?" we kept asking.

"Yes, I guess they are," some would say. The rebels were firing as they came, and we could locate them by the fire from their muskets. We opened on them with a terrible volley, and after our first fire some of our pickets came clambering in over the works. It is a happy thought at this day that we did not kill any of our own men.

And now the whole line is ablaze. At our immediate left is Welker's battery, and they pour into the advancing rebel line showers of grape and canister. It was very dark, and at each discharge from those guns it would be light for a great distance around, and then would follow inky darkness. The 66th Illinois came up, and as they could not get in the ditch, they lay down in our rear. Some of the men handed their sixteen-shooters to our men, and a tremendous fire was kept up along the whole line. In the flash of one of Welker's guns I glanced to the right and beheld, if I am not greatly mistaken, Comrade T. R. Willis pumping death into the rebel ranks with a borrowed sixteen-shooter. The Confederates made several attempts at different points to pierce our lines, but every attempt was repulsed, convincing themselves that assaults on the Union lines meant nothing but disaster to them; they finally desisted, and the 2d division had no more midnight fights at Dallas.

FLANK MOVEMENT.

One-half of the army was now, May 31st, on a move to the left. Our pioneers cut a new road through the wilderness which covered a good part of the country between Dallas and Acworth, and we have no doubt but that the rebel spies and scouts were nonplussed as to the route we were taking. The 2d division halted at Acworth, a little town on the railroad several miles south of Allatoona, and we were now between the rebel army and that great stronghold. We remained at Acworth two or three days, during which time the 17th corps—or a part of it—arrived. We marched from Acworth down to Big Shanty, June 10th, in the night, and bivouacked in the open ground not far from the railroad. To the north of us a short distance were about a dozen houses or shanties, peculiarly con-

structed, said to have been erected during the building of the railroad, and christened Big Shanty at the time.

REBEL DESERTERS.

On awaking the next morning the first thing that attracted our attention was Kenesaw Mountain looming up high above the surrounding country, a grand sight to look upon. It had taken its name from an Indian chief who was killed upon its side. Noticing a squad of Confederates eating their breakfast a short distance from where we lay in bivouac, and supposing them to be prisoners recently taken, I went to them, and after a little conversation discovered that they had come within our lines of their own accord. There were about thirty-five of them, including two officers, lieutenants of the company. They belonged, I think, to the 54th Virginia infantry, although I am not now certain about the matter. The following was a part of their history:

During the preceding winter, while in quarters near Dalton, some of the men were anxious to be furloughed home, but the discipline in the rebel army was rigid, and Bragg would grant no furloughs. Ten or twelve men belonging to their company took leave and went home, visited their families and friends, and returned in about two weeks to their regiment. They were immediately arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot for desertion, and the sentence was carried out. They were all to be shot at once, and a sufficient detail was made for the purpose. Arriving at the place of execution, the firing-party took its station and fired at the word; but it was so wretchedly done that not more than one-half of the unfortunate men were killed, and the remainder piteously begged their comrades to come and shoot them to end their sufferings. It makes one's blood boil to think of the cruelty of some of the rebel leaders. Just think of it; these men were not willingly fighting against the old flag, but as they had enlisted under the banner of Secession they thought they would honorably serve out their time. At a time of inactivity they thought they would like to go home and see their families and friends. They applied for furloughs, were refused; they went home, intending to return.

They returned to their commands, were arrested, tried, condemned, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was carried out, and they were shot in the brutal manner shown in the preceding lines. Secession hardened the hearts of men already hardened by slavery; and monstrous deeds as this, together with the brutality exercised in the prison-pens of Andersonville, and at other places and at different times during the war, show a total depravity of the heart of a portion of the leaders of the Rebellion.

The result was that the remainder of this company were so outraged in feeling at the treatment of their comrades by the rebel commander that they agreed among themselves that they would desert on the first occasion that offered. The rebel army had fallen back, and now lay intrenched about two and a-half miles in front of Kenesaw. This company was sent out in a body on the picket-line, and they concluded that it was the right time to desert. So they sent a man to our line of pickets to notify our men of their intentions, and that if they came in a body not to fire. An arrangement was made, and on the evening preceding our talk they came into our lines. The foregoing is given as they gave it to me.

I walked out from among some scattered trees with one of their number. He pointed towards Kenesaw and said,

"I suppose you think that the rebel line runs over the mountain, and that they are fortified there."

I could see their signal flag in motion on the top of the mountain and replied, "Yes, I should think so; there is the flag now."

"You are badly deceived," he replied; "and if you don't watch out they will grape you to death two miles and a-half this side of there."

"Two miles and a-half? it doesn't look to be more than a mile to the base of the mountain."

Said he, "Yes, sir; it is just five miles from here."

This was true, as we afterward found; it is just five miles from Big Shanty to Kenesaw

THE "SIEGE" OF KENESAW

The operations of the army under General Sherman for the next four weeks might with a little stretch of fancy be termed "The

Siege of Kenesaw Mountain." The Army of the Tennessee occupied the left, the Army of the Cumberland the centre, and the Army of the Ohio the right. Our lines gradually approached the strong rebel position, and the skirmishing was incessant. It rained a great deal, and as the Army of the Tennessee was mostly without tents, it was very trying on the men. Though they had been marching and campaigning for nearly three years, and had seen soldier-life in all its phases, yet this still further tested their mettle.

Think of it, my friends, who did not have this experience, who at that time occupied your comfortable homes and slept in your clean, fresh beds. Think of the men who went out from among you to save the Union; standing for hours in ranks awaiting orders, awakened from a sound sleep to move in the night in the rain, taking spades and digging and throwing up works, the enemy firing on them while so engaged, having to hurry to cover themselves to keep from being shot, standing in the ditches covered with mud, half-bent to avoid the bullets, eating a cracker and a piece of meat, the ground too wet and muddy to sit down, and — when ordered back a hundred yards or so to let others take their places for a time — no dry place to lie down and sleep, no shelter from the pelting rain night or day for weeks except a gum blanket; think of it, and then hats off for a minute to the men who underwent this without complaining, who did it willingly and in a manly way, as we can attest.

Gradually approaching their position, the Confederates were compelled to evacuate in front of Kenesaw, and they fell back and occupied a new line, their right resting on Kenesaw and thrown back covering Marietta, and their left resting on Lost Mountain, four or five miles southwest of Kenesaw I think it was on the morning of the 15th of June Company C advanced through a piece of thick woods and came to open ground; the firing had ceased, and in the timber we came to the rebel "gopher holes" and they were deserted. Coming to the edge of the woods a long strip of ascending open ground was in front of us. On the further side, in the edge of the timber, the rebel works were constructed, the strongest and best finished we had yet seen. Advancing across this long open space, we came to them and found them deserted. What a splendid posi-

tion it was! and if we had attempted to assault them we certainly would have been "graped to death," as predicted by the rebel deserter.

While we waited here for orders to advance, General Sherman came up unattended by any of his staff. He examined the works and walked along looking into the woods, taking observation of everything, and apparently trying to get a good view of Kenesaw.*

We soon had orders to advance, and slowly and cautiously we made our way through the thick bushes, getting thoroughly soaked by the water from the dripping leaves. We moved close up to the base of old Kenesaw and located our enemy. There was a general advance on this day, and away to our right we could hear the boom of artillery, the sound being dulled by the steady rain.

Day by day the army converged around Kenesaw — converged is not the word, either. The left of our long line, moving directly against the mountain, advanced slowly; while the right kept swinging like a big barn door, each day bringing it nearer to the rebel line of communications. Our skirmishers and sharpshooters kept up an incessant fire with the rebel sharpshooters on the side of the mountain. About one-third of the way down the side of the mountain ran the rebel breastworks, and, descending into the valley, coursed their zigzag way to Lost Mountain. It was indeed a formidable position, held by veteran troops; and it required all the genius and generalship of a Sherman to dislodge them.

Although occupying this high position, from which they could note our every movement, they were not given much rest, but were kept in almost constant employment. Our army, pivoting on its left, kept swinging around on the enemy's left and compelling them to give ground until their line of retreat to the Chattahoochie was in peril.

On the 27th day of June there was a general assault on Kenesaw, and the portion of the army directly in front of the mountain was

* It was probably on this day that Gen. Sherman thought the Confederate forces were in retreat, and he sent a locomotive along the railroad to reconnoitre. It went forward until the rebel pickets fired on it, when the engineer hurriedly reversed steam and saved his engine. — W. H. C.

repulsed, the right gaining ground. Advanced positions were taken, but could not be held except on the extreme right. The fighting was desperate, and the advantage of the day was with the rebels. Our loss was about two thousand killed, wounded, and missing. Among the officers killed General Harker was the most noted.

MUSIC AFTER BATTLE.

At the close of the day on the 27th, the men of a certain battery that had been thundering all the afternoon at the mountain, began to sing, and song after song was sung; men from other batteries and regiments came, attracted by the singing.

"Gay and happy"

was sung, and the batterymen joined in with

"Then let the cannon boom as they will,
We'll be gay and happy still."

Captain W. H. Chamberlin, in his history of the 81st, writes of this novel concert with enthusiastic admiration. The captain was certainly delighted with the evening's performance, for his description of it is glowing and eloquent.

I wonder if he heard in another quarter the song of "Highland Mary," which suggested to me the writing of these stanzas:

All afternoon the cannon boomed,
And musketry did rattle;
In long array our army lay,
It was a day of battle.
Amid the trees as thick as bees,
The Minie balls were flying,
While shot and shell unceasing fell,
And gallant men were dying.

I gazed with awe on Kenesaw,
Where rebel batteries thunder,
While all around the mountain's crown
The air is rent asunder

By iron hail, directed well
From where our lines were forming,
Where lines of blue, to country true,
Get ready for the storming.

Resounding cheers from volunteers
Roll down along the valley;
The rebel yell, with ebb and swell,
Tells of our foemen's rally.
"Advance the right!" and bayonets bright
Amid the trees are gleaming;
While o'er our line — oh, sight divine —
The Starry Flag is streaming.

The fight is done at set of sun,
The foe their lines retaining;
Sounds of the fray have died away,
The vict'ry neither gaining.
Upon the ground, the camp-fires round,
The boys in blue reclining,
Take needed rest, 'mid song and jest;
The stars in beauty shining.

And there, upon that eve in June,
Sweet memory ever tarry,
One sang to an old-fashioned tune
The song of "Highland Mary."
"The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

I listened to that sweet refrain,
That story of devotion,
Forgetting the distress and pain
Caused by the day's commotion.
Though many years have passed since then,
Fond memory does not vary,
But pictures that embattled scene,
And hears sweet "Highland Mary."

RETREAT TO THE CHATTAHOOCHIE.

Sherman continually gained ground on the right, and the inception of another flank movement, which threatened to cut them off

from their line of retreat to the Chattahoochie, caused the Confederates on the night of July 2d to evacuate their high position on Kenesaw and come down on a level with their friends and enemies, and march away through Marietta towards the Chattahoochie. The Confederate army on the 3d of July was in full retreat for the Chattahoochie, and the 2d division moved rapidly on its flank, and reached Nick-a-jack Creek. The 2d brigade crossed the creek at Ruff's Mills, and "relieved a brigade of the 15th corps which during the afternoon had been engaged with the enemy at that place." On the morning of the 4th of July we found ourselves close to their defences. The day was celebrated at Nick-a-jack by an assault on the enemy's works. The signal for the assault was to be a salute of thirty-four guns, one for each State in the Union; and when the sound of the last gun was heard the charging column was to start. While the sounds of the last gun were yet echoing, the regiments designated for the charge with loud cheers passed over the intervening space and the Confederates fled, leaving our men in possession of their works. It was here that General Noyes, afterward Governor of Ohio, lost his leg.

There was considerable of intrenching done at this point, of which the 81st had its share. The regiment was ordered to a certain point not far distant for the purpose of throwing up works. The night was intensely dark, and when the colonel reached the place he proceeded to assign to the different companies their positions, when he found that he had but two or three companies with him! It was hard to tell which was lost, the head or the tail of the regiment. We found each other before morning, and then went to digging.

AT THE CHATTAHOOCHIE.

About this time the rebels began to cross the river, and the 81st approached the Chattahoochie at Baker's Ferry, the Army of the Tennessee on the extreme right. It was on the 8th day of July that we first beheld the Chattahoochie. The valley of the river was planted in corn, and a great deal of it was as high as a man's head. We carried rails from a fence which enclosed the field, some distance into the corn, and made a kind of breastwork from behind

which to fire at the rebels across the river. Companies C and I fired from this point nearly all day. The design we suppose was to make the rebels believe we intended to cross at this point, and they thinking so would concentrate a heavy force at this place, and then we would secretly move away and cross the river at some other place. There was considerable of that growing corn which never came to maturity. It was cut down by Uncle Sam's reapers with Springfield rifle muskets.

Company C will remember that fifteen or twenty of the skirmishers approached the river still closer and blocked up a lane with a great number of rails, and from that fortification kept the Confederates from toiling much on their works. Some of the men, to vary the exercises, crawled into the blackberry-patches and picked the luscious berries, which seemed to be growing everywhere in abundance.

BOLD SKIRMISHERS.

C. P. McClelland, a comrade not having the fear of rebel bullets sufficiently impressed upon his mind, proposed to the writer that we approach still closer to the river at a certain point where we could have a good view of their movements. I do not think that I would have made the proposition to get any closer. Indeed I thought we were already close enough; but here was a comrade who meant what he said, and I accepted his proposal in such a manner that convinced him that if he had not made the proposition I certainly would have made it. Replenishing our cartridge-boxes and taking a spade, awhile after midnight we took our way to the left of the lane down which we had been firing and through the corn until we came to a point where the ground began to descend rapidly to the river, and not very far from it. Here we began digging, and found it a sand-bank, and in a short time our "gopher-hole" was made sufficient for two to fire from. Comrade McClelland took a knife and cut the green corn and leaned it against our embankment, and in this manner completely masked the position. Having accomplished this, we sat down on the edge of our "gopher" and waited for the morning light. As soon as it began to grow light we discovered our neighbors across the river hard at work with spade and

shovel strengthening their works. Some were on the top of the works smoothing the sides by striking with the flat part of their shovels, and some were throwing the earth from the bottom of the ditch. McClelland said, "Now let's give them a shot." Bang! bang! Down behind the works went the toilers, and one shovel seemed to be thrown to such a distance that the one using it would not want to go after it. Loading again we watched for the re-appearance of some of them, but after waiting awhile and no one appearing, we fired again at the top of the works. About the time our heads disappeared behind our "Gibraltar" two or three balls grazed the top of it, and very soon after a larger shot hissed a few feet above our heads. Comrade McClelland suggested that about the best thing we could do was to "get out of this. They have got our range, and about the next shot they will bury us." I was more ready for a proposition of this kind than for the first one he made. So we crawled out and kept crawling on our hands and knees for fifty yards through the corn, then assuming an erect position we ran for the rail-pile at the mouth of the lane.*

ANOTHER FLANK MOVEMENT.

A fire was kept up for awhile on the morning of the 9th, and then the pickets fell back and a movement towards the right commenced. The 81st started on the march some time in the afternoon and continued the tramp until after midnight.

COMMOTION IN A NIGHT MARCH.

A laughable circumstance happened on this night march. It was about eleven o'clock, and we were making good time — had settled down to hard work in that line. A heavy force stretched out a long distance; a brigade of infantry, then a battery of artillery, then another brigade, etc. All of a sudden we heard up about the head of the column three or four hundred yards in advance of us, a noise

* During the same night Fletcher B. Haynes, of Company C, dug a similar advanced rifle-pit in a more fortunate position, and in the morning, by his unerring marksmanship, kept a rebel battery silent until one of our own guns, mistaking him for the enemy, began to fire at him. — W. H. C.

resembling that made by a herd of stampeding cattle, or that of three or four teams hitched to empty wagons and running away, and they seemed to be coming fast on the road towards us. The road was cleared in less time than a minute, the men running and stopping behind the trees at the roadside.

A battery of artillery was following the 81st, the horses of which turned and attempted to pass into the woods as though they wanted to get out of the way of something. I found myself behind a tree, don't know how I got there! Comrade Isaac Eshelman was standing behind the same tree and asked, "What in the fury is it?" When we came back into the road and resumed our places he remarked, "I was worse scared than I was at Shiloh!" There was an immense amount of amusement over the matter, and various were the conjectures as to the cause of the panic. We finally learned the true cause of the affair. The horses of the officers who were riding at the head of the column suddenly began backing and shying from something in the bushes at the roadside. Whatever it was, it could not be seen on account of the darkness. It was nothing more nor less than a mule which had been attached to one of the wagons, had "given out," and had been left to die. It would kick against the bushes occasionally, and was doing this, no doubt, when the head of the column came up, scaring the horses, and the horses shying back on the men, they began to get out of the way, thus creating the panic we have attempted to describe. One old mule had created a panic in the 2d brigade, and had driven it further in a shorter space of time than a rebel brigade could have done. It could stand before whizzing bullets, bursting shell, and charging Confederate battalions, but it quailed before a prostrate army mule kicking against the bushes! It was a long time before the boys quit chiding each another about running from the mule.

The march was resumed after the adventure with the mule, and kept up until awhile after midnight, when the column halted and bivouacked along the road.

TO ROSWELL.

Taking an early, hasty breakfast the 81st pushed on. Diverging from our northern course we headed eastward, passing in rear of the

Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Ohio, and directing our course for Roswell, a town on the Chattahoochie twelve or fourteen miles from Marietta, and perhaps twenty miles above Baker's Ferry. We reached Roswell a little after noon, after one of the most exhausting marches we were ever called on to make.

A SOLDIER'S DAY'S WORK.

Young men of the present day, you who now at the age of twenty and twenty-four feel so strong and athletic that you think no amount of marching could tire or weary you, your fathers and uncles and elder brothers were about your age when with Grant and Sherman, and the other leaders, they made the marches, dug the trenches, waded the rivers, and fought the two thousand battles of the Rebellion. This body of men I have just spoken of as having reached Roswell on the Chattahoochie were, yesterday afternoon, twenty or twenty-five miles down this river confronting a rebel force on the opposite side. They were already weary with the exertions they had made during the past twenty-four hours, but the orders are to march, and just before sunset they move. With knapsack and gun, with three days' rations in their haversacks and forty rounds in their cartridge-boxes, they move along hour after hour. At a time of night when nature requires rest and sleep, footsore and tired they pressed forward. An hour after midnight they halted and stacked arms. On a single blanket for each one, by the roadside they stretched their weary limbs, and while the dews gathered and dampened their clothing they slept, and dreamed perhaps of home, friends, and perhaps of the ease and comforts which were theirs before Father Abraham called them. Ere the light comes in the east they were aroused with

"Only a few minutes to make coffee!" 'Tis done in time.

"Fall in!" They were in ranks.

"Sling knapsacks!" They were adjusted.

"Take arms!" Each man had his musket.

"Right face!" In fours they stood.

"Forward march!" and the column moves, tramp, tramp, tramp. The dust and heat are suffocating. A Georgia sun is mounting high

in the heavens, which makes the men think how glorious it would be to have the privilege to drop down in the blessed shade of those trees. These men should halt now and rest, but there is no halting. The success of the campaign may depend upon securing a certain point for the army to cross the river. It is nearly noon, and the column is nearing Roswell. A long ascent is before us. Totally exhausted, some men are dropping out of ranks who never did so before. Up the long hill, unprotected by shade, the advance slowly moves, and numbers drop down and lie panting like beasts of burden. The head of the column gains the top. A halt is called for a few minutes, and numbers come up and take their places. They then move down to the river. There are no bridges, no way to cross, the men must wade it. It is two hundred and fifty yards wide, but the 81st and other troops are wading it! They have crossed, and are ascending the heights on the opposite side. The heights are gained, the guns are stacked, the axes, picks and spades are brought, and before they rest or sleep a long line of intrenchments is built, and the crossing of the Chattahoochie is made secure. Young men, hats off again for a minute to the memory of these men!

MOVING ON ATLANTA.

The whole army passed the river at several points, and of course great events were at hand.

Here on the south side of the Chattahoochie, at Roswell, we had a pleasant place in which to encamp, and the few days spent here were full of enjoyment. The long bridge over the Chattahoochie was rebuilt, and long trains of wagons passed over it a day or two before the march was resumed.*

VISITING KENESAW.

While at this point I accompanied a detachment sent back with a train of wagons to Marietta to bring up supplies for the army, and

* The rebuilding of this bridge was another sample of Gen. Dodge's ability in construction. The material was nearly, if not quite all, found in buildings in the village, and was transformed into a bridge in very quick time. — W. H. C.

while the wagons were being loaded I started with five or six comrades to visit Kenesaw, two and a-half miles distant. Reaching the base we ascended from the southern side, and walked over the ground that had been torn and plowed by the solid shot and shell from the Union guns.

What a grand sight it was from the topmost height of Kenesaw to gaze northwestward over the route which we had travelled! How easily they could note all the movements of the Union army from Big Shanty down to the base of the mountain! The works they had constructed were strongly built, and the embrasures from which their guns vomited forth their deadly contents were almost entirely destroyed by the Union shot that cut its way along the sides. Caves or covered ways had been constructed close by where some of their guns had stood, for protecting the gunners. They could watch the valley, and when a shell came hissing up, seeking a victim, they could dart into one of those places and be safe from the explosion.

ARTILLERY CONTEST.

An artillery contest took place while the army was in front of Kenesaw, which should have been mentioned while we were telling of the events that happened in front of the mountain. This visit to Kenesaw brings it to mind, and I will briefly describe it now.

The rebel guns opened on our position when the army first moved close up to the base of the mountain, and for a long time there was not a shot in reply from any of the Union guns. The Confederates, emboldened by the continued silence of the Union batteries, redoubled their efforts, and from every gun crowning the summit of the mountain poured shot and shell down on the silent Union batteries. The infantry became restive and impatient, and began to wonder if the artillerists were afraid they could not cope with the enemy in an artillery fight. The rebel infantry became excited and enthusiastic over the situation, and showed themselves all along their line of breastworks, swinging their hats and cheering. The hills are echoing the thunder of the rebel guns, but not a shot in reply. The enemy are now cheering in derision. Finally away to the right is heard a single boom from a Union gun, and in three

minutes from fifty to seventy-five guns are trained on Kenesaw, sending their iron compliments in solid shot and bursting shell, and compelling the gray-jackets to dodge fast into their caverns by the guns. Solid shot would cut the surface, and the dirt seemed to fly fifty feet into the air. Dozens of shell would burst in frightful irregularity all along the summit, and often just above their guns, and sharp jagged pieces darted here and there among the rebel gunners. It is getting too hot for the gallant Confederates, and their fire gradually slackens. One by one their hot guns cease to roar, and finally the last one is heard.

But what of the fellows down in the valley, who seemed so tardy about taking a hand in this affair? Have they quit? No; every gun is roaring, and the bombardment seems to increase. Our infantry had caught the spirit of this kind of work, and the hills and valleys resounded with their cheers. Awhile ago the wonder was, will they ever begin? and now the wonder is, will they ever stop?

Finally the firing began to cease, and in a few minutes silence reigned in the valley, the smoke lifted, and old Kenesaw looked grandly and serenely down upon its persecutors.

WASHING CLOTHES.

We guarded the train back to Roswell, and as another day or two elapsed before the march on the city was resumed, an immense amount of bathing and washing was done in the clear swift-flowing waters of the Chattahoochie. One mode of washing was this: take a bar of soap and wade in where the water was running swiftly and about three feet deep; then saturate your clothing with soap, then rub; the swift water would carry away the dirt, and in this way the person and clothes were all washed at the same time.

A thunder-shower occurred during our stay on the Chattahoochie, and the lightning struck a gun-stack, and it was reported among the camps that three men were killed.

The army rested, supplies were brought forward, and all being in readiness, on the 16th of July the march on the city was resumed. Moving directly south we struck the Augusta railroad at Decatur, six miles east of Atlanta. Driving the rebels out of Decatur, the Army of the Tennessee turned and moved directly on the city.

CLOSING IN.

All the armies, having made the passage of the river, began to close in around the city. Atlanta was strongly fortified, the work had been going on for a year or more, and strong lines were constructed guarding all the approaches to the city. Within these defences now stood the veteran rebel army, with Joseph E. Johnston still at its head; and here too under his command had gathered many thousand State troops, which Governor Brown had sent for the defence of the city. The man was still at the head of the rebel army who had handled it with such consummate skill and strategy all the way from Dalton to the Chattahoochie. Confronting the Union army at every point where there was a possibility of success, he managed to inflict heavy blows on his adversary; and though at times roughly handled by the Union commander, and compelled to retreat, yet the indefatigable Sherman found Johnston ever in his way.

Around the city, in front of these formidable defences, had gathered the army of the Union under its peerless leader. The country through which he had led this army was admirably adapted for defence, and the strong points had been taken advantage of by his skilful antagonist, yet the danger-points had all been safely passed. Many battles had been fought, yet the march of the Union army had ever been toward the objective point—Atlanta. The campaign began the first week in May, it is now the 17th day of July, and the Union forces, having safely passed the Chattahoochie, are now encircling the city.

On the 18th day of July, 1864, General Joseph E. Johnston, by authority of Jefferson Davis, was superseded in his command by General J. B. Hood, commander of one of the army corps of the rebel army He was known as the "fighting general," and well deserved his reputation. Two days after his accession to the chief command he hurled a large part of his army against the Army of the Cumberland at Peach Tree Creek, a little stream about four miles north of the city, and was badly beaten. He had forgotten, I suppose, that "Old Pap Thomas" was superintending matters in that army.

On the 18th, after considerable skirmishing, we crossed Peach Tree Creek, and on the next day the Army of the Tennessee entered Decatur, driving out the rebel rear-guard and bivouacking in and around the town.* In a building in Decatur our boys found a large quantity of pikes or lances stowed away. The spear or blade was about ten inches in length, and the handle ten or twelve feet long. At the place where the blade joined into the wood was a piece of iron or steel projecting out into the shape of a hook. I am not quite certain, but I think it was Comrade N. W Crooks, of Company C, who explained to us how the rebels had intended to use them. "A body of rebs get after a party of Yanks," said he, "and when they get near enough, a portion of the rebs reach forward and hook and hold a similar number of Yanks; then the balance of the rebs come up and spear the Yanks that are hooked!"

THE GREAT BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

The army moved from Decatur west on the line of the Augusta railroad on July 21, 1864. The rebels began to seriously dispute our further progress, but the night of the 21st found the Army of the Tennessee in position about two and a-half miles east of Atlanta, without any indications of the terrible battle that was to be fought the next day.

Apparently undismayed by his defeat at Peach Tree Creek, Hood withdrew to his inner defences, and turned his attention to the Army of the Tennessee. Marching twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand men through the city, and moving south some distance, then turning east, by marching all night Hood on the next morning, July 22d, had this immense array ready to strike the flank and rear of the Army of the Tennessee in the position already described.

On the morning of July 22, 1864, the Army of the Tennessee, twenty-four thousand men, commanded by General J. B. McPherson, occupying the position heretofore described, began to feel forward with its skirmishers for the position of the enemy.

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* In the movement from Roswell to Decatur Gen. McPherson's command held the left flank, with Gen. Schofield's command next on his right, and Gen. Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, on the right flank. — W. H. C.

In the movement of the preceding day a part of the 16th corps had been crowded out of the line and lay in reserve on the right of the Augusta railroad. A part of the line of the 15th corps was on the right of the railroad, connecting with the 23d corps (Army of the Ohio). The line of the 15th corps crossed the railroad and extended some distance south. The 17th corps was on the extreme left; its right joined the left of the 15th corps and then extended southeastward, its extreme left facing south.

General Fuller commanded the 4th division of the 16th corps, and on the day before had been ordered to take a position in rear of Giles A. Smith, of the 17th corps. It appears that just as he got ready to move an order came for him to send one brigade to Decatur, to guard and protect some supply-trains coming from the river. So with the remainder of his division he moved to the place assigned him.

I remember that on the morning of the 22d I was on the skirmish-line on the right of the railroad, and when we advanced it was very still, not a shot did we hear. We kept advancing cautiously, and soon came in sight of the rebel works, after which we would advance a few steps, then stop and listen, expecting every moment to be fired on. We surveyed the woods to the right and left at every step, wondering what was the meaning of this unusual state of affairs. Finally we came to the works and hesitatingly mounted them and looked down into the trenches,—not a Confederate to be seen, all gone! The suspense had been great, the relief was greater. I figured out the situation immediately in my mind, and this was the result: the Confederates have evacuated Atlanta, and all we have to do is to march in and take possession.

We hastened back to our camps, but the news had preceded us; the long roll was sounding, the camps were all astir, and everything betokened events of unusual importance at hand. The men looked inquiringly into each other's faces as much as to say, "Do you really think they have gone? Are we to reap the fruits of all our labors by marching unmolested into the city this morning?" There was a half-glad, half-doubting look in those honest sun-browned faces.

We are within two and a-half miles of the city which nearly three

months ago we set out to capture. The fighting has been almost continuous for that time. Miles upon miles of works have been constructed. The strong positions have all been successfully flanked or fairly won in fight. Battles and disease have invaded our ranks, and hundreds of faces that beamed with hope and pride on the first day of May, 1864, now lie beneath the soil of Northern Georgia, all along the bloody pathway from the Chickamauga to the Chattahoochie. Perhaps it is well, my gallant comrades, that you do not know this morning what this day may bring, that this day is the last of earth for you, that ere the set of sun the sacrifice will be demanded, and that on the altar of our common country your precious lives will be laid.

We are in line ready to move, couriers are dashing through the woods carrying orders here and there. The 2d division marches, but not towards the city, in fact almost directly from it. Atlanta lies west, but we march southeast. It is July, and of course a July sun in Georgia is hot. Marching a mile and a-half, maybe two miles, a halt is called, and the men lay back on their knapsacks and rested. About two minutes elapsed, and then the commanding officer of the 81st rode up to the centre and in a clear voice called out, "Men, get up and prepare for immediate action!" All arose quickly, some of the men looked around, as though expecting the enemy to come on us immediately, and one or two humorously asked, "Who in the deuce are we going to fight?"

THE BATTLE BEGUN.

The head of the column was turned to the right, and we marched away from the road that ran south along the edge of the woods, out across the open fields. After marching two or three hundred yards we halted, faced to the left, and were in line of battle. We then moved forward several hundred yards, halted, and ordered arms, with our line facing southeast. Looking to our right we could see the works of the left of the 17th corps, a half or three-fourths of a mile away. Regiments were hurrying up and filling the space between our right and the 17th corps. Looking to the northwest we could see the wagon-trains of the Army of the Tennessee moving

north. The wagons had been parked here, and there was an immense number of them, — ammunition-wagons, provision-wagons, etc. When we marched to this ground the wagons began to move north, and they were none too soon, for here in a very short space of time was a bloody battle-field.

Three or four hundred yards in our front was a thick woods, stretching away to the right, beyond the left of the 17th corps. On the left of the position of the 81st was a ravine filled with undergrowth extending down to the woods in our front. One hundred and fifty yards to our left was another belt of timber. From the right of the 17th corps to the left of the 16th, the line of battle formed a half-circle, so that the greater part of the 2d division of the 16th corps were standing with their backs to the 17th.

When we had ordered arms and stood at "parade rest," we looked down into the woods and discovered whom we had to fight; all along the edge of the timber we noticed the flutter of Confederate flags. The 14th Ohio battery (Rodman guns) dashed up and took position right along our front. I was standing on the left of our line, right at the point where the line of battle bore off northwards. Gazing to the right I could see the fronts of several regiments, and looking northwestward could see troops hurrying forward to close the gaps that intervened between us and the 17th corps. But yonder come the rebels! Out of the woods they step with soldierly tread and precision into the open ground, and, boom! boom! boom! the Ohio battery is plowing their ranks with shot!

I remember to have had this thought at the time, "Yonder come the rebels, how will the men take it?" I glanced along that splendid line of blue. It stood there, a magnificent line, as if on parade; the men were coolly speculating on the chances. I noticed a comrade of Company C reaching back and breaking a piece of cracker, chew away at it, keeping his eye steadily on the approaching rebels. One said, "It'll be as hot as hell here in a few minutes." Another says, "Captain, they're close enough now." "Don't fire yet, boys." The men had been told not to fire until they received orders. "Captain, they're close enough, I can hit 'em every time." All this time the battery by which we were standing had been playing on them, cutting their ranks terribly. I hear the click, click,

click, of locks, I see the guns being placed against the shoulders, and hundreds of guns are cracking, and the great battle of Atlanta has begun.

"By Jove, it is a splendid sight to see,
To him who has no friend or brother there."

GRAND AND TERRIBLE SCENE.

No pen can picture that grand and terrible scene. The rebel line of battle halts, closes up, and moves forward slowly. The smoke from the guns of the battery obscures our view, for we are right close to the guns. On the left, some distance away, the rebels are passing our flank. The fight is now raging along a line at least two miles in length, and forty thousand men are engaged in one of the hardest fought battles of the war. The Confederate line in our front is badly broken, but they still come towards us. It is a hesitating line, and we can see the rebel officers waving their swords and urging the men forward with all their energy. Never did men stand up and fight better than did the men of the Army of the Tennessee on that hot afternoon in the open fields east of Atlanta. Not a man goes to the rear, except the wounded and those who are carrying them off.

CAPTURING A FLAG.

A comrade, John M. Henness, standing at my side, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Look there, at that rebel flag!" It was about thirty yards from our battery, close enough to be stirred by the wind from the guns. The rebel color-bearer had come out of the ravine and dropped down on the ground, holding his flag up so that it would be a rallying-point for their broken line. About this time the 81st Ohio and the 12th Illinois had orders to charge, and the line swept forward and captured a large number of prisoners. The Confederate flag that Comrade Henness called my attention to was taken, and I had the pleasure, while the guns were cracking all around me on this historic field, to tear a piece from it and put it in my pocket, to be afterward brought home. This was the flag of the 1st Confederate regulars.

When we had charged and cleared our front of the enemy, I glanced back and saw several Confederates between us and the battery. They were near the edge of the ravine. We soon cleared out that ravine. While the line was close to the ravine the rebels kept firing from it, and we could see the smoke rising from their guns along the edge of the thick grass and bushes. Two or three men stepped out of the ranks of Company C and moved stealthily towards the edge with guns cocked; as quick as a puff of smoke was seen a bullet was sent there instantly.

FROM THE HOSPITAL TO THE FRONT.

While at this particular point, and while we were loading and firing as fast as possible, I noticed a comrade close to me, his face blackened with powder so much that I barely recognized him. We had left him sick in the field hospital, and it was a surprise to see him there. He was pale and weak, and not fit to be in such a place. I was so much surprised that I called out to him as he was ramming down a bullet, "Cal., what are *you* doing here?"

"I heard the guns crackin', and I couldn't stay away," was his reply. It was Calvin P. McClelland, one of the pluckiest men in Company C. He had been wounded in the battle of Corinth, which caused him to have a stiff arm, and a minute or two after I called out to him he received another shot in the same arm.

TAKING PRISONERS.

Hearing a heavy crash of artillery to our left, we soon had the pleasure of seeing the rebels who had passed our left flank retreating in a confused manner over the same route on which they had advanced. In their advance on our front some of their men had lain down, and they now made attempts to get back to the woods. Our men would call out to them to halt, and if they did not obey three or four guns would crack, and they would tumble forward on their faces. Others threw down their muskets and walked into our lines. Where we were now standing a number of their dead and wounded lay, and the wounded kept asking our men to take them back to the rear. "Take me back to the hospital," some of them would say.

Our men would say in reply, "We haven't time now; the fight is not over yet; you will be taken care of." A rebel colonel came in, walking stiffly and haughtily. As he came among our men he said, "You've had a fair fight this time, anyhow," Sam Wiley, of Company C, replied, "Yes, and you see that you're badly whipped, don't you?"

A CHEW OF TOBACCO.

The fighting in front of the 2d division was now over for the present. Our men had been for some days out of tobacco. A Confederate had thrown down his gun, and as he was passing to the rear Comrade Geo. Hamilton said to him, "Comrade, can't you give me a chew of tobacco?" The reb reached in his pocket, pulled out a plug, and handed it to Hamilton. Comrade Hamilton took a chew in the usual way, and handed it back to the generous rebel. "No, no," said he, "keep it, and give the other boys some;" and turning, he pointed to a stump about fifty yards away, and said, "I lay behind that stump and fired for some time. My knapsack is lying there, and there is a lot of tobacco in it; get it, and you can have it." It is needless to add that Hamilton got that tobacco.

A HOT FIGHT.

Returning to our position in rear of the battery, we passed over some of our own dead; among others, I looked down into the face of Captain Lane, of Company K, a noble man, respected and beloved by all who knew him. To show the intensity of the struggle in General Dodge's front, it may be stated that Lieutenant Blodgett's battery fired over four hundred rounds, mostly case and canister; while that of Lieutenant Laird fired over six hundred rounds of the same kind. On this little front our troops buried one hundred and fifty dead rebels after the battle. Many more were carried off and buried by the enemy. The ordnance officer of one division reported having picked up 1,200 guns abandoned by the enemy. General Dodge's command took prisoners representing forty-nine different regiments.

OUR McPHERSON KILLED.

The firing had ceased in our front and to our left, but it still continued away to the right. A new line was formed for the purpose of giving them a warm reception, should they conclude to reinforce and come again. At this time the news spread among the men of the death of General McPherson, and every heart was saddened, for we men in the ranks had learned to love and admire the smiling and courteous general.

HELPING THE FIFTEENTH CORPS.

We had just taken our new position when an order came from General Logan, who had taken command on the death of General McPherson, for our brigade to move to the help of the 15th corps. A part of Morgan L. Smith's division had been driven from the works held by them. The 12th Illinois, the 66th Illinois sharpshooters, and the 81st Ohio started on the "double-quick" for the scene of the disaster, about two miles distant. It was trying on the men. We had just finished a desperate battle with the enemy, and the sun shone down so hot in those fields encircled with timber. We would double-quick two hundred yards, then cease to a fast walk for about a hundred yards, and then double-quick again. A good many dropped out and lay down completely overcome, but would rest and follow on. When we came to the wagon-road, which ran alongside the railroad, we turned west, towards the city. We noticed small groups of men on each side of the road moving back among the timber. When we came in sight of the works we found them in possession of the enemy, who immediately opened on us with grape and canister from a battery of two guns near the railroad cut. The Confederates also had possession of Captain De Gres' famous battery, in position some distance to the right of the railroad. When we came to a point about two hundred and fifty yards from the works, the head of the column turned to the right, crossed the railroad and marched hastily until the rear of the brigade had crossed the railroad, then facing left we were in line of battle, facing the works now held by the enemy.

RETAKING DE GRES' BATTERY

The formation of the assaulting column now was—66th Illinois on the right, 81st Ohio in the centre, and the 12th Illinois on the left, with its left resting on the railroad. The command was "Forward," and raising the western yell, the line dashed forward over a strong board fence, then through a strip of thin woods, firing and cheering. The Confederates in this affair must have been nervous; they plied their muskets quick and fast, but they seemed to overshoot our line. When we had approached within twenty yards of the works numbers of them threw down their guns and came clambering over the works, throwing up their hands in token of surrender, while the majority were making good time in the other direction, running half-bent with their guns at "trail arms," and striving to make the cover of the thick timber. De Gres' battery was recaptured, and as there has been considerable controversy as to what troops retook it, I will give my version of the matter.

When the 2d brigade charged these works, no other troops charged with it on the right of the railroad, and when the line swept up to the works the right of the 81st came close to the last gun in the battery, the guns being in front of the left of the 66th Illinois, and to the 66th the honor belongs, unless the honor should be equally divided with the three regiments charging as they did at the same time. I remember distinctly, after I had reached the works, walking a little distance to the right, and laying my hand on one of the guns that had been partly turned round by the rebels. Their intention was, of course, to use it on our men, but they did not succeed in getting it into position before the charging blue-coats came and claimed their property Captain De Gres came himself soon after we had retaken the guns, and seemed overjoyed at the recapture. His artillerists were all gone; some had been killed, some captured, and some had escaped by running off towards the 23d corps, and had not yet returned. The captain (De Gres) with the help of some of the 81st infantry, and also of the 66th, opened fire on the city. The boys carried ammunition and under his direction rammed the shot home, and he fired the guns himself. Comrades of the 81st will also remember that one of

those twenty or twenty-four pound Parrott guns burst, making a dull, heavy noise, and that though dozens of men were standing close by, not a man was hurt by the explosion. In about half an hour after our occupation of the works quite a large body of troops came marching from the direction of the 23d corps. Cheers were proposed by them for the 15th corps; they were informed that it was the 2d brigade, 2d division of the 16th corps that had retaken and now held these works.* No blame has ever been attached to the men who were driven from these works. The rebels, finding the cut in the railroad unguarded, filed through there and began a fire in the rear on the troops nearest the cut. No troops will stand a fire in front and rear.

A THIRD DUTY

We remained in this position until about eleven o'clock that night, when we were ordered to reinforce a division of the 17th corps occupying Bald Hill, where the enemy had assaulted late in the night, and which had been the scene of desperate fighting during the day. The rebel loss in this day's battle in killed and wounded amounted to over seven thousand, and our loss something less than four thousand men.

REVIEW OF THE DAY.

The foregoing is the record of one day of the marching and fighting of the 2d brigade, and it is one of which the men composing it may justly feel proud. It had, after a desperate struggle, defeated its enemy in an open field fight, and immediately at the

*Gen. Dodge in a letter says of this event: "I never supposed there was any question about Mersey's brigade capturing or aiding to capture the De Gres battery. It was a soldier of the 81st Ohio who put a double charge of grape into one of the recaptured guns and burst it. I understand Morgan L. Smith never made any official report of that battle. What Logan says about it I do not know, as I never saw his report; but Logan came to me and asked for the brigade, and went with it to the field. I suppose, of course, in his official report he gave it the proper credit. Morgan L. Smith told the officer who went with it — Capt. Jonas — and the officer told me afterward, that in his official reports it should receive full credit for the aid it gave him." — W. H. C.

close of this had been ordered to a distant part of the field to help retake works that had been lost; and, hastening to this point so swiftly that a great many gave out on the way, without a moment's rest it moved to the assault and captured a line of strong works held by the enemy, retaking one of the most famous batteries in the service, capturing a large number of prisoners, holding the works taken until near midnight, when, reinforcements being needed at another portion of the line, it marched a mile and a-half to the threatened point, and resting on its arms, was ready at midnight to continue the fight if necessary. Colonel Mersey's horse was shot under him at the beginning of the charge to retake the 15th corps works, and the colonel was hurt in falling; Colonel R. N. Adams then took command of the brigade and led the successful charge.

INCIDENTS.

Among the incidents that transpired during our fight in the open fields was this:

When we had charged and cleared our front of the enemy a good many of them were still in the ravine to our left. As we stood near the ravine, a tall young Confederate had thrown down his gun. Coming out of the ravine and putting his hand on my shoulder, with a confused expression in his face he asked, "What countryman are you, sir?" The reply was, "I am an Ohioan, and you are my prisoner." He looked bewildered, and passed to the rear with some other prisoners. I formed the opinion that he was one of Governor Brown's militia, as it was understood that the rebel army had been largely reinforced by them.

The works on Bald Hill and vicinity had been assailed during the day both from the front and rear, and the gallant men of the 17th corps had met and successfully repulsed each attack, and when we reinforced them at midnight they still held their position.

Between this point and where the 2d division fought fell the gallant McPherson, one of the most lovable men in the Union army; but as so much has been written of him and the manner of his death, I deem it superfluous to add anything more.

We remained in this position for three days after the battle of the 22d, during which time the railroad was torn up for some distance,

the ties were piled and the rails placed on them, then set on fire and the rails twisted so as to render them useless; and dispositions were made for a change in the investment of the city.

Colonel Mersey, who had so long commanded the 2d brigade, took leave of it here and went home. He had been a faithful and efficient officer, respected by the men he commanded, and was highly complimented by General Dodge.*

BATTLE OF THE 28TH.

On the evening of the 26th we began the march around the city, the 16th corps taking the advance, followed by the 17th and 15th corps. We marched slowly during the greater part of the night. The next day we passed over a part of the battlefield of Peach Tree Creek. In the afternoon, having arrived at the extreme right of the Army of the Cumberland, west of the city, we began taking position by pushing back the rebel skirmishers. By dark we had established our line, connecting with the Army of the Cumberland near Utoy Creek. The 17th corps took position on our right on the next day, July 28.

The 15th corps moved up on the extreme right, driving the Confederates from a long high ridge which they coveted so much as to make a serious attempt to retake it, and this brought on the battle of the 28th of July, or the battle of Ezra Church. About eleven o'clock a. m. on the 28th the firing, which had been going on incessantly all forenoon on the skirmish-lines, seemed to increase rapidly, and the sounds coming from the right admonished us that it was more than mere skirmishing going on there. Again the 2d brigade (or two regiments of it, the 12th Illinois and the 81st Ohio) was sent to the relief of the gallant 15th corps. We marched at quick time, the distance being nearly two miles. Coming to the base of the ridge on which the fight was progressing, we found it thickly covered with timber, and steep on the side where we had to ascend. We halted for a moment and awaited orders. There was a heavy musketry-fire at this time going on. Soon a horseman made his

* Col. Mersey's term of service had expired, but he cheerfully volunteered to lead his brigade in this battle. — W. H. C.

appearance riding down the steep hill whom I recognized as an old acquaintance in the days before "we went warring" — Charles P. Dennis, then inspector-general on the staff of Morgan L. Smith. Under his direction the 81st Ohio ascended the hill and relieved the 111th Illinois infantry, which on being relieved fell back to the bottom of the hill. On our left was the 35th New Jersey Zouaves, and their front was tolerably clear of obstructions, so that they could see the movements of the enemy. In front of the 81st the undergrowth was so thick that we could see only a short distance. In the assaults made by the rebels we waited for the Zouaves to commence and then we would open up a fire into the undergrowth in our front. The musketry-fire at different times was terrific, and it was nearly night before the Confederates desisted from their attempts to drive our men from that ridge. The day ended with the Confederates being defeated at every point, and the tenacious 15th corps remained masters of the ridge. The rebel loss was heavy in this battle, they being the assailants; while our loss was light in comparison with theirs. They assaulted the Union position no less than seven times during that afternoon.

"ENOUGH FOR ANOTHER KILLIN'"

The anecdote about the rebels having enough men left for another "killin'" I think originated here. A squad of prisoners going to the rear was asked by one of our men, "How many men has Hood got left over there?" A rebel replied, "About enough for one more killin'" This was reflecting severely on the generalship of Hood. He had been commander-in-chief of the rebel army for just ten days, and in that time he had fought three heavy battles, had lost nearly half of the splendid army turned over to him by General J. E. Johnston, and had gained no advantage whatever.

CHANGES.

Promotions and resignations had taken place in the 81st Ohio. Colonel Thomas Morton, the first colonel of the regiment, had not been with it on the Atlanta campaign. He remained as commandant of the post at Pulaski, but on account of ill health resigned in

July. Major Frank Evans was with the regiment until the investment of Kenesaw, when, being attacked with hemmorhage, he resigned. Early in August Lieut.-Colonel R. N. Adams was appointed colonel; Captain Titus was promoted to lieut.-colonel; and Captain W H. Chamberlin to major. Colonel Adams took command of the brigade.

THE SIEGE.

The month of August was spent by the armies investing Atlanta in a series of almost continual skirmishing and picket-firing between the works held by the opposing lines. Fighting would take place at different points along the lines around the city that would almost approach the dignity of battles. Firing was kept up by the opposing pickets night and day. The lines were so close that the pickets were relieved at midnight instead of each morning.

MAKING LIGHT OF DANGER AND PRIVATIONS.

In front of the rebel works where they ran through the open ground could be seen rows of stakes driven into the ground and leaning forward at an angle, the points made sharp and fixed so that they would pierce a man below the breast if he should attempt to pass through. One day Comrade T R. Willis and the writer were lying in the shade of a tree and looking over into a field where we could see two or three rows of these sharpened stakes in front of the rebel works. It had been rumored in camp that we would assault the works in our front in a day or two. Comrade Willis seemed to be in rather a meditative mood. He suddenly raised his head and, gazing at the sharpened stakes, said, "I suppose I'll be a dryin' on one of them about to-morrow or next day."

For several days while around the city we were on short rations of meat. Comrade Asbury Sayre was uncommonly fond of meat. Being a large healthy man, he was much distressed on being put on a short allowance of it. One day when the rations of meat were issued there was about enough for two ordinary meals, but it must last for three days. Comrade Sayre took his piece and, putting it on the end of a sharp stick, held it over the fire for a minute until

it scorched a little, then putting it on a cracker it made him just one meal. After he had disposed of his three days' allowance in this summary manner he remarked emphatically, "If the Government of these United States expects to keep this machine going, it has got to keep it greased!"

Parties would be sent out to advance the line for a little distance, and the spectacle could be seen of a line of blue-coats dashing through the woods, driving back a rebel skirmish-line, with a gun in one hand and a spade in the other. Stopping suddenly, they would lay down their guns and commence making the dirt fly with their spades. Stalwart, earnest Arden P. Middleton, of Company C, proved himself an adept in this mode of warfare.

There is a great deal of the country west of Atlanta covered with undergrowth, and from the picket-posts — where they ran through the undergrowth — firing would be kept up until it was all shot down for some distance to the front. It rained much, and on rainy nights the muskets would make a dull, heavy sound, altogether unlike their sharp, keen crack in clear weather. As the last days of August approached, the "restless" Sherman — growing tired of the monotony of the Indian mode of warfare that had been going on between the lines for some time — prepared for a new move on the enemy.

GENERAL DODGE WOUNDED.

I had forgotten to state in its proper place that during the month of August the 16th corps was deprived of the services of Major-General G. M. Dodge, who so long had been its brave and efficient commander. Going out to the picket-line to satisfy himself about something, he was discovered by a rebel sharpshooter, and received a wound in his head so serious that he was obliged to relinquish his command.

Corporal Daniel Harpster, Company E, was more fortunate than General Dodge. Being on the skirmish-line, he determined on a little adventure. Alone he marched out seventy-five yards to a rebel picket-post on which was stationed four rebels. He demanded their surrender, they complied, and he marched them in as prisoners! If there was a bolder move than this on the Potomac or on the Tennessee during the war, the historian has failed to record it.

FLANKING ATLANTA.

On the 25th of August the new movement commenced. The 20th army corps withdrew, moved back near the Chattahoochie, and intrenched, and General Sherman, with the remainder of his army, marched to cut the last line of rebel communications, some distance south of the city. This movement brought about the evacuation of Atlanta and the battle of Jonesboro,* in which the Union army was victorious; and on the morning of September 2, 1864, the news flew around among the camps that the 20th corps had entered Atlanta. The Stars and Stripes floated in triumph over the public buildings of the proud Gate City! The great leader of the Western Armies sent over the wires to the Capital of the Nation the glorious news

"ATLANTA 'S OURS, AND FAIRLY WON."

Atlanta was indeed ours; and that it was "fairly won" was an indisputable fact. It was won by hard marches and bloody battles, by an army of volunteers who thoroughly believed in the justness of the cause for which they were fighting, who had day after day and night after night for four long months obeyed without a murmur the orders of their officers; through sunshine and storm they had enthusiastically followed the Stars and Stripes, and at last had planted them on the public buildings of the most important city in the South — the objective point of the great campaign. There was pride and exultation in every heart, for they knew that from the great Northland would soon come the tidings of rejoicing, and of generous approval of their deeds, from thousands of Union-loving men and women; and that it was only a question of time when they would stack arms for the last time, and — furling their tattered banners — return to their homes and friends with the happy consciousness of having done their duty.

* Following the battle of Jonesboro was the engagement at Lovejoy's Station. In that engagement the 81st Ohio was on the skirmish-line; thus it happened that this regiment had the advance at both the first and the last engagements of the Atlanta campaign — Resaca and Lovejoy's Station. — W. H. C.

LOOKING HOMEWARD.

The term of service of the men of the five old companies of the 81st Ohio who did not re-enlist expired on the 30th day of August, 1864, and on the 25th they were relieved from duty, and on the morning of the 26th they started homeward. On the morning of the 25th, in company with Comrade Henness, I went back about a fourth of a mile from the front lines and worked on the muster-out papers of the members of Company C who did not re-enlist, and on the next morning returned to the front to bid good-by to those who were not going home. What strange feelings came over me on that remembered morning! My term of service had expired. For three long years I had associated with these gallant comrades whom I was now going to take by the hand perhaps for the last time. We had been together on the march, in the bivouac, in camp, and on the fields of conflict, and we had answered at the roll-call together for the last time. The bullets were flying over the works, and I was obliged to keep close to the ground as I went from group to group to say good-by. And though the thought that I was relieved from duty was pleasant, yet a feeling of sadness came over me when I came to part with these true and trusty men, with whom I had been so intimately associated for so long a time.

GOOD-BY.

But I bade the remaining comrades of dear old Company C good-by, and turned my face and footsteps toward Ohio and home, where after two or three rather vexatious delays I arrived on the 28th of September, 1864, having been gone from home and in the service of the United States three years and nine days. Dear old Company C, I am at home, and you will have to take care of yourself; and I do not doubt your ability to do so.

MARCH TO THE SEA.

The Union army occupied Atlanta, and General Sherman gave orders for the removal of the women and children from the city, which excited the indignation of the people in the city, and caused the mayor of the city to write a letter to General Sherman protest-

ing against it. But threats and protestations did no good, they had to go. The rebel General Hood, ever ready for something desperate, set out on an expedition to the rear of Sherman's army some time in October, and Sherman followed leisurely. Allatoona was held by a division under General Corse, and Hood attacked the place with all the impetuosity characteristic of him, resulting in a bloody repulse at the hands of General Corse and his gallant division. The rebel general kept on for a time striving to damage our line of communications, but was thwarted in his attempts, and finally, passing through Snake Creek Gap, moved off westward into Alabama; and Sherman, leaving a sufficient force under General Thomas to watch the movements of the rebel general, returned with the balance of his army to Atlanta, and prepared for his great "March to the Sea." The 81st Ohio had marched to Rome, but returned to Atlanta, and on November 16, 1864, started on its long tramp for old ocean. The 2d division, 16th corps, was transferred and became the 4th division, 15th corps; the 4th division, 16th corps, became a part of the 17th; and the 16th corps ceased to exist.

I will be obliged to speak briefly of the record of Company C and the 81st after the fall of Atlanta. Not being with it, I cannot speak of it with the certainty and freedom that I have in the preceding pages. It marched with Sherman to the sea, and at Savannah, with Company B—late in December—ceased to exist. But when the 81st, in the spring of 1865, received a large number of recruits, B and C were again organized. The comrades of Company C who had re-enlisted, marched with the 81st in the 15th corps, taking part in all the movements of the campaign in the Carolinas, and participated in the last great battle, fought near Bentonville, North Carolina, in March, 1865. After the surrender of Johnston they marched from near Raleigh, through North Carolina and Virginia, to the Capital of the United States, and participated in the grand review, where the President of the United States and the distinguished men of the Nation, together with thousands of the people, looked admiringly on.

The war being over, they, with a great part of the army, were sent to Louisville, Kentucky, and encamped for a time at Wood-

lawn, near the city. They were sent from there to Camp Dennison, Ohio, paid off, and on the 21st of July, 1865, discharged from the service of the United States.

PARTING COMPANY. ONE GLORIOUS THOUGHT.

DEAR COMRADES: — We have come to the end. I have tried in my plain way to tell the story of your many sacrifices and patriotic efforts in the days when our great Nation was struggling for its existence, and of what you did for progress and liberty in this our blessed and redeemed land. In all that you did from 1861 to 1865 there is nothing that we would cover up or recall. But I would that I could tell your story as it should be told. If I could thus tell it, I would call to the cheeks of my readers a deeper glow of patriotism; anon I would call up innocent laughter; and often down honest faces I would bring the gushing tears of sorrow for the memory of the gallant boys who marched to their glorious deaths on the battlefields of the "Sunny South." If I had the ability to tell it as it actually occurred, the young man who might read or listen would raise his right hand and swear undying allegiance to the Flag that you followed, and from the depths of his heart would say,

"May the day come when I can have an opportunity to testify my love and loyalty to the land they did so much to save!"

I am loth to quit the record of your manly deeds. Lovingly I linger over these last sentences. One glorious thought comes to me at the closing. We often looked upon the flag representing the continuance of human slavery — the emblem of the would-be destroyers of the Union; for four long years it waved defiantly in our front, but we finally shot it to death, and it fell amid the ruins of the Southern Confederacy. But, dear comrades, the Flag that we followed, the Flag of our soldier-love, floats to-day unchallenged from ocean to ocean; not over a nation half slave and half free, but over a free Nation of sixty millions of prosperous and contented people. That is the glorious thought which gives dignity to the meanest duties of a soldier-life; aye, puts a halo about our sufferings and hardships, and gives us more than recompense for the years we gave for the maintenance of the Republic.

APPENDIX A.

Sergeant Gideon Ditto, of Company B, who died after these pages were in the printer's hands, wrote a letter about the action of October 4 to Major W H. Chamberlin, dated Lima, Ohio, June 16, 1887, from which I am permitted to make this extract:—

"We were in column of companies in reserve, a few rods in rear of the line. Richardson's Battery would have been in front of Company B (the right of the regiment) had we been in line instead of in column. After the charge commenced we were ordered into line, but before the order could be executed we heard from the battery (which was on the ridge in front of us), the command 'Limber to the rear,' and the limber-wagons went sweeping past us up on the ridge, and a moment later a six-horse team, with but one rider, came madly through our company. Scarcely had I successfully dodged that missile when our line of battle (I don't know what regiment, and I am glad I don't) came back upon us, yet we saw no enemy. Getting clear of the retreating mob, a few of us faced towards the rebs, and I saw McCall waving his colors and advancing towards the top of the ridge. Just then a volley came from my right, where the rebels had gained the ridge, and were swarming around Richardson's guns, and McCall fell. Still the rebs were not visible on his front, nor directly in front of me. He was three or four rods from me. The volley that killed him seemed to send the boys to the rear, as, when I started to him, I have no recollection of seeing anybody but him. By the time I got the colors the rebels had gained the ridge on our front, and were uncomfortably close, so I st on the order of my going, but went at once. The rebs contented themselves with yelling, 'Halt,' but came no farther on that part of the line. I soon found myself supported, and about seventy or more yards back (near a couple of old frame shanties) some thirty of us made a stand. The rebels, seeing the colors, opened fire on us, and we retired back over a friendly ridge, where we found Colonel Morton with the regiment and a portion of the Twenty-second Ohio (the Twenty-second Regiment was guarding the division wagons, and was not in the melee thus far at all). We were soon advancing. As we crossed the ridge the enemy opened fire, the command was given, 'Charge,' and in less time than I could have told you this, we were back on the old line with the rebels flying before us. If we had been in line instead of in column when the enemy's charge was made, we could have prevented the breaking of the line on our front; yet I do not believe that would have altered the result materially, because the rebels had the ridge to the right of us before they gained it on our front. Now, what I want to say is, when Davies's Division is said to have given away at Corinth, the Eighty-first and Twenty-second Ohio must be excepted. After the regiment got into line it did its duty."

APPENDIX B.

BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

General J. W Fuller has kindly consented to the use here of a portion of an article written by him, descriptive especially of the part taken by his command—the Fourth Division—in this battle. As his troops joined the Second Division on the right, what he has to say is doubly interesting to members of the Eighty-first Ohio, while the story itself tells of one of the most brilliant actions of the war.

GENERAL FULLER'S ACCOUNT.

Extracts.

"As the situation is commanding, and the outlook fine, let us note it for just a moment. To our left stretches the Second Division of our Corps, which is seen entire. Between their right and us is our battery (the Fourteenth Ohio), not far off, but separated from us by the ravine. As our ground is higher, we can see every man and every horse. If we face about and look to our rear, we can see the large trains of the Army of the Tennessee pulling out on a trot to the northwest to escape the stray bullets which pass over our heads; while still farther off, perhaps a mile away, we can see 'Bald Hill,' the right of Leggett's Division, and to the right of that the Fifteenth Corps—all, of course, with their backs toward us, for they are facing Atlanta.

"We cannot look long, for the skirmishers sent forward to cover our front are rapidly coming back upon us. Orders were now given to keep down until the enemy's line of battle should be near us, and at the signal to rise, fire a volley, and charge. Soon the enemy appeared, and before he was in good musket range our battery opened fire. This seemed a surprise, for he halted, then retired into the woods to reform his line. Very soon, however, he marched out from the forest and in good order moved toward us. He had not come more than a quarter of the way across the field when the Eighty-first Ohio, across the ravine to our left and in plain sight, charged against a rebel regiment which was threatening our battery. The cheer of this regiment and their gallant charge was so contagious that the men of the Thirty-ninth Ohio rose to their feet, fired a volley, and went for the Johnnies on the double-quick. The Twenty-seventh Ohio next on the right, seeing the Thirty-ninth charging the enemy, arose also and joined in the race. It was too soon, for our boys had too far to run, and the rebels were still so near the woods they could quickly reach shelter. The Thirty-ninth, however, were in time to capture the colonel, adjutant, a captain, and all who did not run of the Sixty-sixth Georgia, a regiment of Bates's Division.

"But the charge of the two Ohio regiments had taken them some distance away from the others and I went over to see how things looked, intending to order them back. I had scarcely reached them when we saw some rebel regiments formed in a column, coming out of the woods at the south side of the field. If they pushed on they would come between us and our other regiments. If they deployed to fire they would take us in the flank and enfilade our line while we were not in shape to reply. There was not a moment to lose. We must 'change front to the rear on left,' *i. e.*, face about and swing around to the north side of the field. The movement was double-quick for the Twenty-seventh, for they formed the outside of the wheel and were also nearest the enemy. A heavy fire opened as soon as the movement began, and the men of the Twenty-seventh, with their backs to the enemy, seemed to think that there was some mistake. They kept stopping and turning about to fire. This broke their formation and they were coming around in a mass. I had been colonel of that regiment and knew the men would try to do anything called for, if they understood what was wanted. I hurried across to meet them at the point where they should halt and face about. There was no time to explain anything, for the rebels were coming on in fine style, not more than a hundred yards away. Grasping the colors I ran a few paces toward the enemy, then turning around stuck the flag-staff in the ground, and with my sword showed where to reform the line. With a great shout the men came forward and instantly formed. Bayonets were brought down for a charge. Colonel Churchill shouted, 'Forward;' McDowell gave the same command to the Thirty-ninth, which had faced about and was all ready, and away they went for the Johnnies.

"As the two regiments rushed on, their line was as fine as if on parade. Instantly the enemy came to a right about and ran for the woods. Seeing the enemy would not stand, our line was halted and the men brought up their muskets and sent a volley into the retreating column. They were so close that the effect seemed terrible, and when the rebels had disappeared in the forest the southeast corner of that field was well carpeted with butternut."

General M. D. LEGGETT.

General M. D. Leggett, of the Seventeenth Corps, whose division fought at "Bald Hill" that day, has this to say of the battle:—

"The enemy in front of the Sixteenth Corps rallied in the woods, and then knowing what they had to meet, renewed their attack with increased vigor and bitterness; but the Sixteenth Corps had also had time to dress its lines, and prepare for this second assault, and met it splendidly. The conflict

continued for some time, with no appearance on either side of any disposition to yield the ground, when the enemy gave way, and fell back in confusion, followed by the Sixteenth Corps. The attack was not again renewed from that direction.

"These conflicts between Fuller's and Sweeny's Divisions of General Dodge's Sixteenth Corps and Bates's and Walker's Divisions of Hardee's Corps were among the few engagements of the War of the Rebellion where the opposing forces met in the open field, with no works to protect or shield on either side.

"The struggle to recover from us the hill was fierce and desperate beyond description. The carnage at this point was terrible and sickening. The ground from close to our works to one hundred yards or more away was literally covered with the dead.

"The fortunate position of Colonel Wells, with the Sixty-eighth Ohio Infantry, at the first appearance of the enemy in force, giving us full warning of their design before reaching our lines, the more than magnificent fighting of the Sixteenth Corps, utterly defeating the enemy, in their plan of striking the whole Army of the Tennessee in the rear; and the patriotic personal courage of General C. C. Walcutt, in assuming the responsibility of disobeying the orders of his immediate superior and protecting the right flank of the Seventeenth Corps in its most exposed and trying moment were winning features of this bloody battle [yet the heaviest struggle and hardest fighting undoubtedly fell upon the Seventeenth Corps].

"On the 20th of July there was present for duty in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Corps of our Army, including the artillery, 27,593; while on the 10th of July there was present for duty in Hardee's and Cheatham's Corps and Wheeler's Cavalry, including artillery, 37,455.

"On the 20th at Peach Tree Creek, the enemy's loss had been more than ours, and on the 21st about the same.

"The assistance afforded from men and artillery in Atlanta on the 22d, not belonging to Cheatham's Corps, probably fully compensated for their losses referred to, so they must have brought into the battle of the 22d fully 37,000 men, against 27,000 in our Army of the Tennessee, making in all about 64,000 men engaged."

General F. P. BLAIR (commanding Seventeenth Army Corps).

Extract from official report:—

"I started to go back to my command and witnessed the first furious assault made on the Sixteenth Army Corps, and its prompt and gallant repulse by the command.

"It was a most fortunate circumstance for the whole army that the Sixteenth Corps occupied the position I have attempted to describe, at the moment of the attack; and although it does not belong to me to report upon the bearing and conduct of the officers and men of that corps, still I cannot withhold my expression of admiration for the manner in which this command met and repulsed the repeated and persistent attacks of the enemy."

CONFEDERATE ACCOUNTS.

The following extracts from official reports of Confederate commanders will show something of the fierceness of the reception given to the enemy.

General M. P. Lowrey, commanding a brigade in Cleburne's division, which attacked the Seventeenth Corps, says:—

"The Forty-fifth Alabama rushed forward, the gallant Colonel Lampley leading the charge, who was wounded and captured in the works, and Major George C. Freeman was wounded in two places in the works and captured. Three color-bearers were shot down in rapid succession—one killed and the other two wounded.

"The Sixteenth Alabama captured two Yankee flags which were left by the retreating foe in front of their works. The Thirty-second Mississippi rushed forward almost to the works, when one-third of the command fell at one volley, and two color-bearers were killed in quick succession.

"I lost in killed, wounded, and captured about one-half the men that were in the charge, one hundred and eighty men, with their officers, being absent on picket detail, besides those who had fallen out in the fatiguing march.

"My loss was five hundred and seventy-eight killed, wounded, and missing. Many of the captured were first wounded, but some charged over the breastworks and were captured, while others went to the works and could not get away."

Colonel William Barkaloo, Fifty-seventh Georgia, who commanded Mercer's brigade when that officer took command of Walker's division, upon the death of General Walker, says:—

"General Mercer informed me the enemy in our front were retreating, and ordered me to advance. The brigade accordingly moved forward down the slope of the hill, and as we neared the valley separating our position from the hill occupied by the enemy, the woods became more open and exposed us to the view of the Federals and to a heavy fire of artillery. The valley was narrow and destitute of trees or other shelter, excepting along the edge of a small stream running diagonally across it. I ordered a halt and reconnoitred. We found the enemy drawn up in three lines of battle on the crest of the hill and supported by two batteries. Between us and

them the ground was open and afforded no shelter for an advance. They were distant about five hundred yards, and their lines outflanked ours both to the right and the left. I determined to withdraw the brigade at once from the heavy fire of artillery then pouring into our ranks. Having given the command, the troops fell back in good order to about their former position, having lost about fifteen killed and wounded."

Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Guyton, commanding Mercer's brigade after Barkaloo was disabled, reported to General Hardee, and took part in the last assault. He says:—

"From this position we assaulted the enemy's works, carrying two lines. The enemy at this time was occupying a third line of works, distant from the line occupied by us about thirty paces—both sides firing rapidly. The brigade was in the utmost state of confusion as regarded its organization, the regiments being intermingled with each other, and the right of Maney's brigade. I immediately ordered an advance, but the men could be induced to go no farther, which I think was owing in part, if not altogether, to want of organization, officers being unable to form their commands under so close and deadly a fire. The casualties were 30 killed, 129 wounded, and 20 missing."

APPENDIX C.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

I am permitted to make an extract from an old copy of the Greenfield (Ohio) *Republican*, dated May 2, 1862, now in the possession of Major W H. Chamberlin, containing a letter written by him descriptive of the battle of Shiloh. It refers to the last action in which the regiment engaged on the second day of the battle:—

"Forming quickly on the other side of the field we changed position several times before we were again brought into action, although there was a desperate fight of musketry just beyond us to our left. We marched toward it in grand style, right through a thick growth of underwood, until we reached a place where the undergrowth was nearly gone. Here our skirmishers reported a line of the enemy close before us. Immediately we halted and got ready for action. Hardly had we stopped until a volley from the enemy told us they saw us. Our men dropped like dead men, and then opened such a deadly storm of fire as we never before had heard. The smoke soon nearly hid the enemy from our view, but relentlessly our gallant men poured in their deadly hail. In the heat of the strife, when the bullets were whistling about our ears, and the roar of our rifles was so deafening that

the loudest shout could not be heard three feet from you, I looked about me to see what our men were doing. I mean no injustice to those whom I do not here mention, for I could not see all, and even some of those I did see I cannot now remember. I can say in general that every one of our company on the scene of action did nobly. But the most noticeable feature was that brothers, as near as could be, had sought each other out in the formation of the line, and were fighting together. Near Captain Adams were the two Wilsons, Joseph M. and John A., nearly side by side, working with all their energy. Before them a little and partially sheltered by a tree stood Henry N. Depoy, loading, aiming, and firing with all the coolness of an old hunter. Not far away were the two Nelsons from Hillsboro, Cary L. and Joseph K., side by side, unsheltered, but working with all their might. To the left of me was little McAlster, from Ross County, on his knees, fully exposed, but losing not a moment. Then there were Brinley, James Rigdon, Samuel Wiley, and others whose names I wish I could recall, all fighting with a coolness that surprised me. Early in the action Orderly W A. Johnson, who was fighting near the captain, received a stunning wound on the back of his head, and had to leave the field. Quick as thought John Mader, whose gun had become worthless, came running over to the captain to ask if he might use the orderly's gun. Taking it up he returned to his position and continued firing. The first one I saw wounded was Elijah Furry. He was standing next to me, had fired several rounds with perfect coolness, and, raising his gun, said, 'Now I'm going to shoot right at the flag.' He fired, and the next moment fell with a fearful wound on the right side of his head. I thought he was killed, but presently he raised up, and I motioned him to lie down. He understood me and put his head down, keeping out of danger. Just before me, standing by an oak, was David Y. Lyttle, who exhibited a great amount of coolness. Once, as he was loading, a ball glanced against his shoulder, cutting through his clothes and scratching the skin. Turning to me he said, 'See, they have torn my shirt, but I'm good for 'em yet,' and he turned and fired away. "

"Greenfield, I assure you, had reason that afternoon of the 7th of April to be proud of her representatives on the battle-ground of Pittsburgh Landing. In less time than it takes to tell all this, our eyes were gratified by the sight of the enemy fleeing! Quick as thought our regiment advanced, firing as it went; on, on, our flag was borne, and the gallant men kept pace with it, until we reached a battery whose horses we had killed. I could not attempt to give a description of that scene. You cannot conceive of the glory of a victory, nor can I tell you anything of it. So intent on pursuit were our men that they did not look at the position into which they were getting. We formed the left of our brigade and had advanced much farther than our right.

About three hundred yards to our left, and pointing right down our lines, was a battery supported by a large force of infantry in an open field. As soon as our officers saw this they ordered us back, while a force on our left should flank the force attacking us. The order could not be communicated simultaneously, and the men fell back one by one, reluctantly, firing as they went.

A short distance back I met the captain. 'We haven't all our company now,' was his first remark. John Scroggs came up to me and said, 'I can't go any farther, but I *must* go and look for brother Will.' 'No, you mustn't,' I answered, for I saw he was exhausted. Like others he was quite sick previous to the battle, and had now been on the field continuously for nearly two days and a night. I took his gun and his arm and walked with him until we halted to rest and get orders. . The battle was now about over, and the enemy in full retreat.''